

# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

FOR ALL THE FAMILY

THE BEST OF  
AMERICAN LIFE  
IN FICTION FACT  
AND COMMENT

VOLUME 97 NO. 30

PUBLISHED  
EVERY THURSDAY  
\$2.50 A YEAR  
7 CENTS A COPY

JULY 26, 1923

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## FLOWERS FOR ANNABEL LEE

THE thirteen-year-old Lee twins, Dan and Billy, had their full share of disdain for girls that boys are wont to acquire at their age, but they acknowledged one exception in the person of their Cousin Annabel, who was four years their senior. Considering what a vast gulf four years is between thirteen and seventeen, the twins and Annabel had an astonishing number of bonds in common. Among them were a bubbling sense of humor with a dangerous tendency toward practical jokes, a passion for long hikes in all kinds of weather and, most obvious to the casual observer, vivid red hair and many freckles.

To Constance, the twins' older sister, who was a full-fledged young lady and whose pretty blond head was slightly in danger of being turned by too many beaux and bouquets, Annabel's attitude toward the boys was incomprehensible. "I don't see what you want to be forever trailing round with those kids for," she said rather scornfully one day when the twins and Annabel had returned muddy, glowing and disheveled from a five-mile tramp across country in the rain. "You look a sight, all three of you. I'm afraid you're just as much a tomboy as you were on your last visit two years ago, Nan," she went on in a grandmotherly tone of disapproval. "But you were only fifteen then, and it didn't matter much. But this winter you're seventeen—almost a young lady. And you don't seem to care a bit about clothes either; I can't understand you. Aren't you looking forward to coming out next winter in Washington? Gracious, I envy you that! I'd give just about anything to live in Washington instead of a stupid town like Brampton."

"O mercy! I'm not coming out, as you call it, next winter," said Annabel in an alarmed voice. "I'm not sure that I ever shall—certainly not for two or three years. Why, I have two years more of school before I graduate, thanks to my having pneumonia this winter and the doctor's not letting me go back after Christmas. There's one silver lining to that cloud, though," she concluded. "If it hadn't been for that forced vacation, I shouldn't be here having such a gorgeous old visit with you all."



"You—you—you ungrateful little beasts!" she cried



DRAWINGS BY A. O. SCOTT

"I can't see anything gorgeous about the time you're having here," Constance objected. "If you were only out, you could go about with me, but as it is I'd call it a pretty stupid visit myself. Tramping in the mud with two young hoodlums—"

"O Connie!" Annabel changed her quick protest into a helpless little shriek of laughter as her eye happened to rest on the boys.

They laughed with her in entire good humor. "No worse than a dressed-up sissy like some of Connie's swell friends," observed Billy cheerfully.

"I'll tell you, Con, there's just one thing I really do envy you," Annabel said frankly. "That's the flowers you get most every day. A bunch of violets like the one you got last night does something funny to me inside. They're so woody and sweet, and—well, they don't seem quite to belong on earth."

"Why, Nan!" Connie said in astonishment, staring at her cousin's flushed cheeks and the eager gray eyes that held such a shining enthusiasm.

"I'm a nice mess with all this mud on me," Annabel said abruptly, turning on her heel. "Guess I'd better go and clean up. You too, Bill and Dan. We're all three a sight."

"Well, for a fact you don't look much like a girl in a poem, Annabel Lee," Billy observed in his most cheerfully offensive tone.

The twins, being inveterate "teasers," were in the habit of trying an occasional fling at their cousin's poetical name. But teasing Annabel was discouraging business, for she had a way of answering all attacks with a grin and a ready retort. The boys had tried her on a number of subjects, not because they really wanted to hurt her of

course, but because she was such fun when on rare occasions she did flare up. But there were so few ways to tease a girl like Nan.

They had early committed to memory Poe's sentimental verses to her namesake and took to quoting them in public until they found out that Nan honestly liked both her name and the poem. After that, naturally, it was no fun. In regard to her red hair and freckles the boys were in the embarrassing position of "people who live in glass houses." But now at last, clattering upstairs to remove the traces of their afternoon's outing, they thought of a new possibility. They carefully refrained from referring to it, however, until the door of the bathroom had closed behind them, and the roar of the wide-opened faucets shut out all other sounds. Then Billy grinned at his brother. "She's nuts on flowers, Dan," he said solemnly. "Wonder we never tumbled to it before. But the next time Connie gets a bouquet—"

Dan too grinned. "I see," he murmured admiringly. "And, say, Con's going to a party at Eve Alcott's tomorrow night with that Gordon fellow. Probably—"

"Sure, he sent 'em last time," Billy assented quickly.

The next morning the twins had of course to go to school, and in the afternoon Annabel had promised to spend an hour or more with an old friend of her mother's.

Consequently she did not see them until some time after dusk when at the sound of her ring the front door flew open and she beheld two excited, red-headed boys hopping up and down in the hall, waiting for her.

"Sa-ay, Nan!" they exclaimed both at

By  
Marguerite  
Aspinwall

once. "What do you think! Guess! Connie won't dare say anything to you now. Come on up and see 'em!"

"I put 'em up in your room, Nancy, in the open window just exactly the way Con does," said Billy importantly.

Annabel gasped. "Boys, for goodness' sake! What is it all about? What have you put in the window in my room?"

Two voices shouted in unison: "Flowers! Violets! Come on up and see!"

One on either side, they caught at her arms and dragged her toward the stairs.

In the hall above Billy flung open the door of her room and pointed dramatically. "Look at 'em," he announced. "Flowers! Say, somebody must think you're one of these *débutantes* like Connie. Who do you guess sent 'em, Nan?"

But Annabel only stood in the doorway, incapable of speech; her breath came unevenly, and her rosy, freckled face was white. Behind her back Billy was grinning, congratulating himself that he hadn't really fibbed; he hadn't said in so many words that some one had sent the flowers to her. His brother's eyes, however, looked suddenly the least bit worried.

As Annabel almost tiptoed across the room to the square purple box on the window sill Dan, who was more observant than Billy, thought that she was actually holding her breath. The next moment she lifted off the cover of the box and cast aside a crinkly mass of purple tissue paper. Then she gave a little happy, childish crow of delight as she picked up the great bunch of closely massed double violets, still dewy from their last sprinkling, and held them against her cheek. They smelled of fragrant, rain-washed gardens and suggested warm sunlight and all manner of lovely outdoor things. "And they're mine!" she said softly, exultantly. "And I've been envying Connie so! I wonder who was so heavenly kind."

Still holding the flowers cuddled against her cheek as if they were something alive, she looked carefully inside the box for a card, but she found nothing to give her a clue to the sender. She lifted her chin with a new little feeling of pride. Connie had



said only yesterday that seventeen was almost grown up. Well, somebody else too must think she was almost a young lady to have sent her flowers. Still, she reflected happily, it really didn't matter much who the giver was. When you love flowers and have had to watch great, beautiful boxes of them coming to another girl day after day it is bliss to find yourself magically possessed of your heart's desire.

Just then she saw Connie cross the hall and called her in to share the surprise. It was rather nice to be able to do it; she had been called on to admire so many similar boxes of her popular cousin's in the past six weeks of her visit. "Aren't they gorgeous?" she demanded, holding them triumphantly aloft.

Connie nodded curiously and complacently. "Um-h'm! Prettiest bunch he's sent me yet."

Nan straightened. "Sent—you!" she gasped. "What—"

And then Billy, unable to control himself longer, burst into a whoop of glee. "She thought they were for her—ho, ho! Nan got a bouquet, but it wasn't for her!" he howled, dancing up and down like a jumping jack. "Got a rise out of Nan that time! Got a rise out—" He stopped, for Nan's hand shot out in a fury and slapped him resoundingly on his freckled cheek.

The boys had seen her in a temper before, but this blazing-eyed, white-faced Nan was new to them and rather terrifying. The hand that had slapped Billy was trembling. "You—you—you ungrateful little beasts!" she cried and then choked on a big lump in her throat.

"What have they done now?" Connie asked from the doorway. "I told you they were dreadful children."

"Nothing. Here, take your violets; we were—were just admiring them," Nan said and, stepping forward hastily, thrust the flowers, box, purple tissue paper and all, into Connie's arms. Then she turned to the twins, who were covering a little under the look in her eyes. "You two get out!" she said briefly and shut the door upon them.

Out in the hall each boy drew a long breath and glanced anxiously at the other. Constance and her retrieved violets had disappeared into her own room. "Well, she sure was mad this time," Billy said in heartfelt tones. "Whe-ew! I never saw her in such a whacking old tantrum before."

"Nor I either; I'm sorry we tried it," Dan replied, frowning at the closed door rather anxiously. "I—I'm sorry, Bill."

"Oh, well, she'll get over her mad soon and forget the whole thing; she always does," Billy prophesied.

But contrary to all precedent Nan didn't grin and forget. She came downstairs a little later to dinner, smiling and composed, but the boys noticed that only her lips were smiling. The smile didn't creep up and twinkle in her eyes; moreover, she did not look once in the boys' direction. As the evening wore on a growing consternation in their glances at each other told frankly that for once a promising practical joke had gone too far. Altogether it was a wretched evening for the cousins.

And the succeeding days were not much better. There were no more tramps across muddy fields, to come back with red cheeks, bright eyes and a dozen funny experiences to laugh over all the rest of the evening. Annabel clung to her aunt and Constance. She went driving and calling demurely, though before the episode of the violets she had said she loathed such pastimes.

"Say, I never thought she'd take it like this," Billy said to Dan as they were undressing for bed after one especially dull evening. "All for a silly bunch of flowers!"

"I guess we really hurt her," Dan said thoughtfully. "She was awfully pleased at the idea that somebody had sent her a bouquet. I've seen her look at Con's flowers, and I guess flowers mean a lot more to her than they do to us."

"Well, she'll get over it," Billy said again, but there was doubt in his voice now.

"Well, you know she's going back to Washington next Monday," Dan objected. "If she goes away mad like this, maybe we'll never—" He stopped and swallowed savagely. It was unthinkable that Nan should go away angry and they should not meet again perhaps for two years or longer.

It was Billy that first thought of a way to make honorable amends. "Dan, I've got an idea," he announced deliberately.

"Well, I hope it's a better idea than your last," Dan said doubtfully. "You were the one who thought about the violets."

"No, I wasn't," Billy said quickly. "We were both in on it. But this is a real good idea. I bet it'll show Nan we are sorry. Listen now. You know mother and Con are planning a party for her Saturday night. Nan's got a new dress for it too; I heard Con say so. Well, let's buy her a bunch of violets to wear with it. A big, swell bunch down at Mandler's, where all Connie's come from, and have 'em sent up just before the party, all done up in a purple box with ribbons and things. I bet she'd be tickled to pieces and would forget all about that other time."

Dan's eyes opened in admiration. "Well, say!" he declared breathlessly. Then his face became gloomy. "Where are we going to get the money to pay for it?" he demanded practically.

"I've thought that out too," Billy replied. "The party's not till Saturday night, and Friday's the first of the month. We'll get our allowances then."

For the past year the twins had been receiving an allowance of a dollar and a half a month apiece to buy baseballs, sodas, candy and the like. They were obliged to manage the sum carefully; otherwise the end of the month would see them facing hard times, for their father never advanced anything on the next allowance if they ran short. To give up a whole month's pocket money even for so commendable a project as violets for Nan meant a real sacrifice.

Dan blinked hard for a moment, and his lips pursed in a soundless whistle as he pondered the matter. Then his red head nodded briskly. "All right. That goes with me, Billy. We'll make out somehow. Only don't say a word to anyone beforehand."

Things went along much as usual until Friday night when the allowances were duly paid. It had begun to snow late that afternoon and promised a genuine coasting storm. The twins were wild with delight, for snow deep enough for sledding was rare as far south as Brampton. To add to their excitement the Bradys, who had a big farm up on Evans Hill north of town, telephoned invitations to the whole Lee family for a coasting party the next morning if the snow continued during the night long enough to pack well. Afterwards there would be luncheon in the cosy, old-fashioned farmhouse—and everyone knew that Mrs. Brady was famous as a cook.

"We'll just have time to slip down to Main Street and order the violets at Mandler's before we start," Billy whispered before breakfast. "The sleigh's ordered for half past nine. We can make it easy."

Dan nodded, and as soon as breakfast was over the two grabbed their coats, mufflers and caps and escaped from the house before anyone had a chance to ask them questions. They knew old Mr. Mandler well and felt not a little pride as they asked to see the biggest and best bunch of violets in his shop.

After looking over several that the old man brought out the twins chose one that without question was the finest in the collection. It was an enormous bunch of big, single violets with long stems, and right in the centre was a dainty pink moss rosebud.

"It would be five dollars ordinarily, but, as it's all made up and this storm makes a poor day for business, I'll let it go for four," Mr. Mandler said, beaming at them.

Both boys looked crestfallen. Four dollars! It had not occurred to them that their combined three dollars would not be enough.

Seeing their glances of dismay, the florist good-naturedly held up a smaller bunch. "You can have this for three dollars," he said.

"No," Billy interrupted him firmly. "Nan's going to have the best." He looked anxiously at his brother. "We've got to earn that other dollar somehow," he said and his lips tightened stubbornly.

"Well, I'm willing," Dan agreed. "But how? That's the question."

Billy faced the old florist eagerly. "Mr. Mandler, if we pay you three dollars down, won't you hold those flowers till we can try to get the other dollar?" He wrinkled his forehead. "Maybe we could shovel snow, clean some sidewalks round here."

Dan uttered a cry of protest: "And lose the coasting party, Bill?"

Billy hesitated for a long breath; then he nodded. "Got to," he said and gulped. "Couldn't wait till afterwards, or the snow would all be shoveled. Are we going to show Nan we're sorry or not?" he demanded fiercely.

Mr. Mandler, who had been listening with a little twinkle in his eyes, spoke quickly:

"If you two boys are in earnest, you can start by cleaning my sidewalk here in front of the shop. I'll allow you a quarter off the violets for it. And if I speak to my brother-in-law, who runs the dairy across the street, I guess he'll pay you another quarter to clean his."

"We'll do it," Billy said briefly. "Thank you, Mr. Mandler. And I guess we can find two other people who'll hire us. Here's the three dollars to hold the violets. May we use your telephone to tell the family not to wait for us?"

A few minutes later an amazed Constance was expostulating and demanding to know their reason for giving up the one coasting party of the season, but Billy cut her off unceremoniously by saying that she'd know all about it later.

The coasters did not get back to the house until almost dusk, and both Nan and Constance hurried at once to their rooms to dress for the party that evening. Nan was the first to come down, just before dinner was announced, and she found two weary and subdued boys sitting quietly before the log fire; she turned toward the hall table, where a large purple florist's box stood in solitary state. "O Con," she called. "Some more flowers for you."

She lifted the box carelessly and glanced at the tag attached to it.

Abruptly her expression changed, and the twins, listening and watching surreptitiously from across the room, heard her catch her breath. She glanced suspiciously in their direction, but they were watching the fire again.

"It—says 'Miss Annabel Lee,'" she read half to herself.

Billy swung about squarely. "Then you'd better open it," he advised her casually.

With unsteady fingers Nan fumbled with the purple string and, finally jerking it loose impatiently, lifted the cover. On top lay a square white card scrawled over in heavy

black writing. With another dubious glance at the two by the fire the girl turned so that the light fell on the message. She read:

Dear Nan. It was the nicest bunch we could find—to make up before you go home.

Affectionately your cousins,  
Dan and Billy Lee.

She uttered a little cry. "Boys! It's not—not —"

"Not a joke," Dan finished gruffly. "Course not, Nan. It's a present to wear at your party."

"We bought it with our allowance money, and some more we earned today shoveling snow," Billy, the irrepressible, burst forth.

Annabel, hugging the violets against her pretty new blue frock, ran across the room on silver-slipped feet till she stood between the twins' chairs. "You—you gave up that coasting party to get me this—this wonderful bunch of violets?" she asked them in a choked voice. "And I had been thinking all these days you didn't really care the way you used to—and we'd been such chums always. And now—now—" Two big tears brimmed over and ran down her flushed cheeks. "I never heard of anything so—so big and—and wonderful!" she said and put a hand on each sturdy shoulder.

"Pin 'em on and let's see how they look on your dress," Billy said gruffly. "It wasn't anything, I guess Dan and I can send you flowers for your good-by party if we like."

"It was to show you we were sorry," said Dan; apology in words came more easily to him than to Billy.

"It was my fault too; I was too touchy," Nan said frankly and held out a hand to each. "Oh, and I forgot to tell you, boys, auntie and Con have asked me to come back in June for a long visit. We'll have lots more of our nice tramps then."

"You bet!" both twins exclaimed and gripped the friendly, tanned little hands held out in token of renewed comradeship.

## GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Alice Margaret Ashton



buy it myself if I were a little younger or you boys here were a little older. Take a run-down place like that, just going from bad to worse, and let out to renters, and you never can tell what may be coming into a neighborhood. If this man has bought it, he will take an interest. Nothing much better than good neighbors, I want to tell you!"

"Thirty cows!" exclaimed grandma. "Now, my land, but he will have to do a sight of fixing up and fencing. You know, I've come to dread the sight of a cow on the Badscom place."

"There, Katy, never borrow trouble," said grandfather soothingly. "Of course a man will expect to have fences if he keeps thirty head of cows. We'll all set out to be good neighbors to these folks, and I'll guarantee they will be good neighbors to us."

For several years the old Badscom place had been an ever-increasing annoyance to our pleasant and prosperous community and especially to the Gregor household. Only a thriftless tenant would take such a place, and straying live stock, spreading weeds and general disorder constantly menaced our peace of mind.

Now that the old place was actually sold everyone was interested in the new owners. Grandfather was especially optimistic. "There'll be different doings now," he declared with conviction.

The Arnolds moved one lovely day in October. They appeared to be pleasant, neat people in their early thirties. "They are nice folks, I'll guarantee," grandpa declared delightedly as we watched the loads go by. "See how all their old neighbors have turned in to help them move."

"I've seen folks we'd gladly have helped move," I reminded him, "who weren't what you could call very good neighbors."

Grandfather chuckled. "But not folks with loads of fine-looking furniture and machinery and a herd of cows like that," he replied, pointing.

Sure enough, up the hill behind the wagons came thirty fine-appearing cows; their red and mottled backs were shining smooth and trim in the afternoon sun.

"Now my senses then," exclaimed Grandma Katy, coming out on the porch to watch, "I

"Be a good neighbor," Grandfather Gregor often said, "and you can usually depend upon having good neighbors."

The subject was one on which he loved to talk. And it was a matter of pride with him that in the nearly seventy years of his lifetime he had never had serious trouble with any neighbor.

"Neighbors in the country mean more than they do in the city," he would say. "In the country we have to depend upon our neighbors for help in times of sickness or disaster and for company and recreation in seasons of rest and enjoyment. Good neighbors add to the value of a farm too. About the first question a man asks in buying a farm is, 'What about the neighbors?'"

So it was quite natural that we youngsters grew up believing that a good neighbor is a person to be treated with respect and kindness.

"We're going to have new neighbors," Jack excitedly announced one day, rushing in at the apple-pie and cheese stage of our noon meal. "I'm sorry to be late for dinner, grandma, but I waited down at the post office to hear Judge Stone tell about it. He's bought the old Badscom place, and his name is Arnold, and he is coming right soon so as to do his fall plowing, and he keeps thirty cows." Jack's store of information and his breath appeared to be simultaneously exhausted. He turned over his plate and cast an appreciative glance at the platter of meat that Grandma Katy was removing from the warming closet of the kitchen stove.

"Well, well," exclaimed Grandpa Gregor, laying down his knife and fork, "that's certainly good news! Worth being late to dinner for, Jack! That Badscom place has worried me considerable. I'd have been tempted to



cannot imagine a herd of cows like that on the old Badscom place!"

During the months that followed we often recalled grandmother's words as a sort of sorry joke. For, truth to tell, that herd of cattle were seldom to be found on the Badscom place except at milking time or in weather so cold that they had to be stabled for protection. Only three days after the moving Fred came running to the house to announce: "All the Arnold cows are in the old meadow, grandpa. Shall I take Shep and drive 'em home?"

"Where is Arnold?" grandfather asked. "He is trying to plow over in the charcoal lot," Fred answered. "Seems as if he could see the cows were not in their pasture. He must have known that old fence wouldn't hold cows in a poor pasture with a nice second growth right in the next field anyway."

"Well, keep your eye on the cows that they don't get into the seeding," said the old gentleman tolerantly. "A man has to have time to turn his hand over a run-down place like that. He can't plow and mend fences all in a minute. The cows will not do any great damage this dry weather."

"Well, I'd call it better sense to mend fences now while it is dry and plow after the rains come," grumbled Fred, who did not relish watching a bunch of straying cattle.

But he need not have borrowed trouble: the Arnold herd did not stray. As sure as sunrise came they were to be found ranging the rich second growth of our big meadow, and not until they had stripped it of its lush verdure did they move on to greener pastures. By dint of much watchfulness on the part of us boys and the strenuous assistance of old Shep we prevented their doing serious damage, although they did punch up our grassland during wet weather.

"It isn't just the right way to do," grandfather used to admit when we complained to him, "but young folks do not always have the best judgment. Arnold ought to have fixed up to keep his cattle at home before the fall rains set in, sure, but he is a smart, hustling young fellow, and I suppose nothing means so much to him as getting his plowing done on time. It'll be different come spring, I'll warrant. And he is as pleasant spoken a young chap as I ever did see."

We boys grinned knowingly at one another. Grandpa was living up to his preaching about being a good neighbor.

Winter, we reasoned, would put an end to the nuisance, and so we tried to emulate grandfather in patience. But it proved to be an open winter with little snow and much alternate thawing and freezing. And Arnold evidently believed in giving his cows plenty of exercise. Each pleasant morning he turned the entire herd out to pasture and left them to wander at their own sweet will. Their wanderings led them into neighbors' dooryards and to outlying stacks, where they pulled down and destroyed much valuable fodder and bedding. Folks began to be indignant.

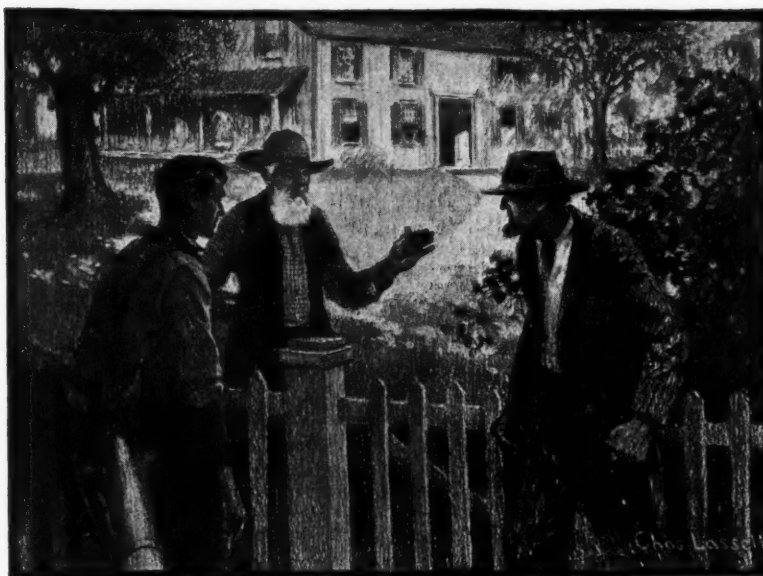
"Well, now, it isn't right, of course," grandfather invariably said in answer to criticism. "I presume Arnold hardly knew which way to turn last fall; and you cannot blame a man for not building a fence when the ground's frozen. If he doesn't do different in the spring, I expect some of us will speak to him."

Spring came, and Arnold went at his work like a whirlwind. He beat everyone on maple sugar; he drew down and sawed an immense pile of stove wood; he sowed his oats with the earliest; he did everything in fact except mend his pasture fences. Because we were nearest the Arnold pasture we suffered more than anyone else; the cows ranged our meadows, browsed in our young corn and trampled through our newly planted garden.

"You'll notice grandpa doesn't preach any more about good neighbors," remarked Jack sourly.

"We might as well quit farming," Fred growled. "Makes me sick to work all day and then have my work all rooted out in the night by the neighbors' live stock."

Grandfather Gregor was what is often referred to in country communities as a "born



"Well, now," he said, "maybe I'm interfering where I've no business"

farmer." He loved his farm and found keen enjoyment in working it. But, although he was deeply interested in every part of the work, he always had some pet crop. That year it was a piece of clover in a corner of new land at the back of the farm next to the wood lot. The clover seeding had "caught" in fine shape the summer before. Grandfather had personally attended to cutting the oats on the piece so as to leave a high stand of stubble; the straws catch the snow and, holding it, form a warm covering over the young clover plants during the winter. That is exactly what had happened during the past winter. Sheltered by the wood and by the straw stubble, the snow blanket, which offered light protection that winter, had endured much better than in other places. Early in the spring we made a fence round the field, and grandfather watched with increasing satisfaction the way the young clover came on with the alternating spring rains and the warm sunshine.

"That clover crop will certainly be worth a lot to us this year," he remarked to me one afternoon as we drove down the lane together. "With any decent kind of weather there ought to be a fine crop of clover seed. And clover seed is going to be scarce and high next spring in this locality. If you —"

As we reached the turn in the lane grandpa suddenly reined in his horse, rose excitedly to his feet and pointed an agitated finger toward the wood lot. The bright, beautiful green of our clover field was plentifully dotted with the red and mottled backs of thirty sleek cattle!

"Look at that!" he gasped at last with a quietness that in no way deceived me. He was angry clear through, as I had never seen him before. "That man has had the effrontery to boast how well his cattle are doing; it's no wonder when they choose among the choicest feeds of every farm in the neighborhood! I'll have the law on him before night!"

That was the chance we boys had been waiting for. "Grandpa," I cried, clutching his shaking arm, "listen to me. What'll you give us boys if we get rid of this cattle nuisance and save you a lawsuit? We've thought it all out and have a plan we feel sure will work. Let us have a day or two to try it, grandpa! No one will ever know, I promise you that."

Without a word or even a glance at me the old gentleman turned his horse and drove back to the farmyard. "Jack," he called curtly, "get Fred and Shep and drive those cows out of my clover field." Then he stalked into the house.

I was unhitching old Dan when Grandma Katy hurried out, greatly moved. "Now my senses then, your grandpa is mad about those cows!" she cried. "I'm always scared when he gets mad. There's no more unreasonable creature in this world than a patient man when he finally loses his patience. If he has a lawsuit, it will worry him all the rest of his life; he's always set such store about being on good terms with his neighbors."

"Don't you worry, grandma," I reassured her. "You just coax him to give us boys two or three days, and I bet we can fix up this business without any lawsuit. But it has got to be a secret; we can't even tell you or grandpa!"

Grandma Katy looked at me thoughtfully for a long moment. "Si," she said then, "you are a pretty sensible boy if I do say it that maybe ought not to. I am sure you wouldn't do anything to make more trouble where there is more than a-plenty already. You go ahead and try. I'll hold grandpa off on his law proceedings."

At bedtime grandfather had not yet left the premises; so we judged that grandma had met at least with temporary success. The next move was for us boys to make.

I chose Fred for my associate that night. Jack knew why we were going, but not exactly what we planned to do. "You cannot tell what you do not know," we reminded him. Jack laughed and, having reported that he had seen the Arnold herd headed back toward our clover field, went cheerfully to bed. Fred and I filled our pockets with cookies, and with stern injunctions to wise old Shep that he was "to keep his bark between his teeth" we three started silently down the lane as the kitchen clock was striking eleven.

It was a beautiful starlit June night. As we drew near we could plainly discern the cows feeding contentedly in the clover. They were so accustomed to being driven about by old Shep that we had no difficulty in rounding them up and working them quietly through an opening we made in the fence into an old lane that led along the edge of the woods and ended at a little-used hill road beyond. Up that road for a mile or more we drove our charges. Then in a sheltered spot far from any buildings or growing crops where they might do damage we abandoned them. As we slipped noiselessly back to the home place we closed our fences behind us. There would be few tracks in the grass-grown lane to indicate the passage of the herd.

The next morning about breakfast time we noticed unusual excitement at our nearest neighbor's. Loud calls of "Coo-boss, coo-boss!" rang through the morning air. When I presently saw Arnold examining the fence round our clover lot any compunction I may have felt vanished. He had known well enough where his cattle had been feeding!

Having circled our wood lot without finding trace of them, he struck into the road below our place to examine it for cattle tracks; but there were none. "Know anything about my cows, Mr. Gregor?" he inquired, pausing at the gate as he passed.

"No, I do not," answered grandfather with perfect truthfulness and with remarkable good humor, all things considered. Then an understanding smile flickered suddenly across his face. "Strayed off, eh?" he inquired.

Presently we saw Arnold start in an opposite direction on horseback; but he was back

in an hour without having seen any signs of the truants. It was Jack that finally got word about some stray cows up Jane's Hill way when he went to the post office just before dinner.

He went over and told Mrs. Arnold what he had heard.

Probably that was the first time in the history of our neighborhood when a man did his morning milking at two o'clock in the afternoon. It had been a busy forenoon for Mr. Arnold and not an especially profitable one.

At twilight I saw the Arnold cows filtering one by one from their stable and drifting off down their lane toward our clover after their usual nightly fashion. Having reported what I had seen to my confederates, I was permitted to retire. I can only guess what happened that night. I know that morning found our neighbor again minus his herd at milking time.

A search of Jane's Hill and of all the places where he had looked the day before proved fruitless. Just before noon he finally brought the cows home from an entirely different direction.

Jack and I were to conduct operations on the following night, and we were a little anxious about the outcome. Would our neighbor begin suspecting something wrong and perhaps watch his herd to see who might be disturbing them? I had promised Grandma Katy not to add to the bad feeling already existing.

Jack and I with faithful old Shep between us huddled in a corner of the clover lot until two o'clock without seeing or hearing anything of watchers. "Come on," Jack whispered then. "If they are here, let 'em be here! Guess we've got a pretty good right to drive those cows off our own farm."

During the chill hours we had just spent in the fence corner I had been thinking hard. "There isn't any too much time between now and daylight," I answered. "Let's drive them over into Jason Angell's big pasture."

Jack was silent for a minute. Then he slapped his knee joyously, for Mr. Angell, despite his name, was a decidedly peppery old gentleman not given to mincing matters when he was displeased.

Luckily we met no one on our somewhat hurried journey, most of which was perforce along the public highway.

"If this doesn't sicken him, I give up," I said to Jack as we crept into bed by the light of the June dawn.

Morning, and no cows! "Coo-boss, coo-boss!" But the call did not sound very hopeful even at the beginning.

We boys were beginning to feel decidedly uncomfortable. "Gee whiz, I guess granddad is right about good neighbors," said Jack. "I've felt miserable ever since this Arnold fellow came here. I've been mad a thousand times at the way he turned those cows out when he knew they would come straight into our fields. And yet I feel uncomfortable now when I think of what we have done."

About nine o'clock we saw Arnold coming on horseback. At the same time Jason Angell appeared from the opposite direction; they both stopped right in front of our gate. We all happened to be on the side porch, grandma and all.

"I suppose you are out looking for your cows," Jason observed to Arnold crustily.

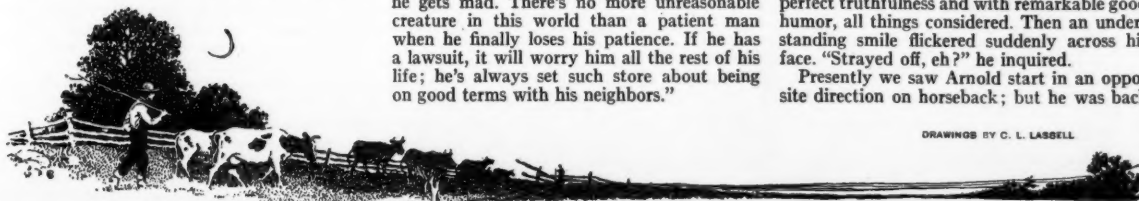
"Yes, I am. Have you seen anything of them, Mr. Angell?"

"Well, I certainly have," replied Jason in his gruffest voice. "They are all in my barn, and there they are going to stay until you have settled for the damage they've done, traipsin' over my fields!"

I never saw a man so nonplused as Arnold was at that hostile announcement. "Damage?" he stammered.

"Damage," repeated Jason firmly. "What'd you think? That it doesn't damage a man's farm to have a passell of cattle rampagin' over it all the time? Maybe Si Gregor is fool enough to pasture your stock for you all summer, but I'm not, I'll tell you! You needn't worry about the milkin' either; I've milked 'em. Every pan and crock and bucket on the place is full, and my wrists haven't stopped aching yet! Do you want to come right now and settle up, or do you prefer to go to law? Either way will be satisfactory to me."

With a look at grandma that seemed to mean considerable grandpa stepped off the porch and quickly out at the gate. "Well, now," he said, "maybe I'm interfering where I've no business, but I hate to see trouble between neighbors, I declare I do. Course I'm not upholding you, Arnold, in letting your stock run; that's a pretty poor way to use



DRAWINGS BY C. L. LASSELL



good neighbors. But I hate to see you crowded for all that. You can scare up plenty of rails on your place. Suppose two of the boys and I come over today and help you get stakes ready. And tomorrow invite all the neighbors in to help make you a good substantial fence that will keep your cattle at home where they belong. Everyone will be glad to help you out of a tight place. And one of the boys and old Shep can go over after the cows. I guess likely Angell will be willing to let them go this time without any further trouble, won't you, Jase?"

Mr. Angell gave an indignant grunt that grandpa chose to accept as assent.

"And invite the women while you are about it," called Grandma Katy from the porch.

"I'll go right now and get pieplant for pies. I don't remember hardly when we've had a good neighborhood bee!"

Night found us with the invitations extended and delightedly accepted, the fence stakes ready and the cows secured in their own barn.

More than a dozen men and boys reported for the fence making the next morning, and the work went merrily forward. Grandfather cheerfully gave rails when the supply ran low toward the last. The lunch was successful. And Mr. Arnold sent us all away at four o'clock with words of gratitude that sounded genuine. To grandfather he seemed especially grateful. "You helped me out of what certainly looked like trouble, Mr. Gregor," he

said, shaking hands cordially as we departed. "I'll not forget it soon, I promise you."

That evening when a lamp had been lighted in the kitchen Grandpa Gregor took out his big leather wallet. "You boys have done a pretty good stroke of business," he said, and he could not repress a smile. "You'll need a little money to celebrate the Fourth, I reckon." And he drew out three new crisp notes and handed them to us. Our eyes certainly shone when we spied the V in the corner of each.

"This cow deal has been pretty trying, but I guess likely it is over. And now that Arnold has got straightened round I expect he will make a right good neighbor. I'm proud of the way you boys took hold and helped with

that fence today. That's the right spirit. And I want to tell you there is nothing much more important in a country community than good neighborly spirit!"

Grandpa's prediction about the clover seed proved good; we harvested an excellent crop of it. And as we experienced no further annoyance from our neighbor's live stock we felt that our troubles were well ended.

As long as he lived Grandpa Gregor took pride in the fact that he had never had serious trouble with a neighbor.

"I don't believe trouble among neighbors is often necessary," he never tired of saying. "Have to exercise your wits occasionally maybe, but be a good neighbor and you're pretty sure to have good neighbors!"

## THE STRANGEST OF WEDDING JOURNEYS

Chapter Six  
The toll of pestilence

CALAMITY came, but it stole on them as unexpectedly, as insidiously, as an enemy in the night. Pinified fell ill of a cold; at least they thought at first that it was a cold. She had a chill, and her usually brown, healthy face looked pallid and pinched. They kept her well wrapped indoors by the fire, but chill followed chill; the cold was evidently a severe one. Diana gave her quinine in four-grain pills and repeated the dose twice before midnight.

There was little change during the night; but near eleven o'clock the next forenoon the woman had a high fever; her skin was scorchingly hot; her pulse was rapid and hard. As her respiration became more painful, it was evident that pneumonia had set in. At midnight she was struggling for breath; the paroxysms grew worse, and at three o'clock the poor creature died.

That was the first case at the post, and a typical case, of the terrible epidemic of influenza that during that winter destroyed a considerable part of the Indians and Eskimos of Labrador. Its ravages have never been adequately depicted and never can be, for the reason that in not a few places no one survived to tell what had occurred. Nor is it necessary here to dwell on the awful scenes that followed at the post as one after another of the Indians and then groups of them fell sick, crawled away to a corner and with apparently little effort to resist the scourge died. No one got well. Forty-one died within three weeks! Their deserted, homeless dogs, a hundred or more of them, howled, fought and devoured one another outside the stockade. It became unsafe to go outside the inclosure without a gun. Old Achille, Tante Feely and Kenoska died, and after many days and nights of almost constant though fruitless devotion to the ills of the Indians Uncle James too fell sick.

About that time what few Indians had escaped the influenza suddenly left the post, including little Philip's faithful nurse Lododa, who was dragged off forcibly by her dour young husband. Uncle James's case was in no wise unlike the others except that he tried to ward off the fatal pneumonia with a more determined spirit. But during the morning of the third day he too succumbed.

Then for the first time Diana broke down completely and, burying her face by the bedside, wept uncontrollably. "O Phil," she sobbed. "He's gone! Dear Uncle James is dead. And now we are all alone here!" Philip, even more unnerved, sat speechless with grief and despair; he buried his face in his hands.

The baby's calling out shrilly to be fed roused them at last to present cares. But all that dreary afternoon they went about in a kind of torpor, unable to converse or speak without tears. Neither of them had slept for two nights, and indeed they had slept no more than fitfully for a long time. But that night, utterly worn out, they both fell into profound slumber in spite of the dismal howling of the dogs and were awakened only after many hours by the cries of little Phil calling again for his food.

The necessity of providing some sort of burial for the elder McKay confronted them. During the forenoon, with voices choked with tears, they read prayers over their beloved relative's body and afterwards covered it with a mound of hard-packed snow at the end of the storage house—the best that could be done in the circumstances.

The following night, March 11, the weather turned suddenly warmer. Snow was still falling, but it soon changed to rain, and



The whole pack rushed upon the eight sledge dogs

then came a thaw that carried off fully half the snow. Water appeared on the river ice and in places on the great lake to eastward. But the next day a cold wave followed with high winds. By that time something in the extreme loneliness of their situation began to fill the two young people with vague uneasiness.

Fortunately, they had plenty of food; seven or eight carcasses of caribou and three or four hundredweight of fish from the stock laid in the previous fall still remained frozen in the snow at the far end of the storage house. Of tea, coffee, sugar and flour too there was a sufficient supply to last till summer. Firewood had to be prepared of course, but the dog pack outside—there were still as many as seventy dogs—had become so threatening that Diana had to stand by with a carbine whenever Philip went out to the woodpile for fuel.

While he was thus employed one morning he saw an Indian approaching along the hard-frozen river. Diana thought that he was a Montagnais who had sold them furs two months before, and, calling to him by name, she bade him come to the gate. Instead of complying the Indian stopped short and stood still, without speaking. Then Philip called to him, but still he did not answer. By that time the dogs had spied him and rushed toward him, barking and yelping savagely. Raising his gun, the Indian shot twice among them and then turned and ran away. Diana and Philip were both annoyed and disturbed at his strange conduct. Two days later six natives came up the river with a team of eight dogs drawing a sledge of peculiar construction; on it a seventh person was riding, snugly tucked in with fur robes. Suddenly the newcomers stopped at a distance out on the river; there was a dreadful outcry among the dogs near the stockade, and the whole pack rushed upon the eight sledge dogs. It was that frightful uproar which

first attracted Diana's attention and drew her to the peephole in the gate, where immediately Philip ran to join her.

In a few moments the sledge drivers were plying their whips to beat off the attacking dogs, but, as nearly as Diana and Philip could distinguish, all the dogs attached to the sledge were throttled, dragged away and devoured; the drivers were wholly unable to save them. One of the drivers attached his hunting knife to the long thong of his whip and then, whirling it round his head, lashed out into the pack apparently with deadly effect, for more than one of the ferocious brutes dropped to the snow and afterwards dragged itself away. The pack from the stockade appeared to have lost all fear of human beings, and the strangers were fortunate to pull their sledge away by hand. There is little doubt that they were a party of Eskimos, since only Eskimo dog drivers are known to use their whips and knives in the manner described. Who their passenger was, whether a white man or one of their shamans, who had come to cast his spells on the post, they could only guess; he may have been the "mutineer" himself!

"It's as well they didn't come to the gate," Diana said. "I don't think they came with any good intent."

Philip felt the same way, and a day or two afterwards just at evening their fear of something hostile was confirmed by shouts that came from the woods. The sounds continued for some time, and, although it was hard to distinguish what was being said, they yet caught certain words in the Montagnais tongue, which both had come partly to understand. To judge from the tones the shouting was offensive; moreover, twice they heard the word *barjat*, which signifies bad, or bad medicine, and once or twice the word *skupe*, which sometimes means to cut, and hence to kill.

"Something's wrong," said Philip. "What can it be?"

"You don't suppose they lay to us the distemper that has carried so many of them off, do you?" Diana asked at last.

"Oh, they wouldn't be so foolish!" exclaimed Philip. "But I don't know," he added a little later. "They are very ignorant and superstitious."

They passed an uncomfortable night. The dogs were making a worse uproar than usual outside and kept it up so incessantly that at last toward two o'clock Philip chopped one of the caribou carcasses out of the icy snow and, dragging it to the stockade, hoisted it by means of poles and tumbled it over the top in hopes of stilling the howling for a while. There was a savage rush as the carcass fell outside. The stronger dogs dragged it away into the woods, and the smaller, weaker ones followed. But the whole pack was soon back beneath the stockade fence again, howling for more.

"We shall have to shoot them," said Diana. "I'm afraid they will break in upon us some night when we are asleep!"

The following morning, mounting the flat roof of the store, which overlooked the stockade, Philip shot two or three of the dogs. He planned to dispatch several of them daily and thus allow them to subsist on one another, since the moment one of them fell and the others scented its blood they instantly set upon it, tore it to pieces and ate it. Philip calculated that at the rate of three a day the pack would devour itself in twenty days—all but the last three.

But something thwarted the plan. On the second morning Philip had fired but a single shot from the roof of the store when he himself was shot at by an unseen assailant a long way off in the woods. For a moment he was so astonished that he stood quite still; then as another bullet whistled overhead he leaped hastily down from his exposed position.

Diana had heard the reports and had run out; she was far more alarmed than Philip. "Still the shots may have been fired merely to frighten us," she said at last.

"Hardly," replied Philip. "They came too close for that. It was probably an Indian," he continued; "they are all poor marksmen. Whoever it was, the scamp took care to shoot from far off in the woods out of sight. It was somebody who knows about your long-range rifle," he added, trying to make as light as possible of an ugly incident.

Diana was not reassured. "After all our kindness to these people I wouldn't have believed that any of them would try to murder us!" she exclaimed.

"Somebody has lied to them," Philip replied bitterly. "Some rascal has got among them with his lying tongue! Likely as not it is that anarchist. Or maybe some one wants to get the fur we have here," he continued. "The half-breeds and Indians know that we have a great deal of fur in our storage house. By putting us out of the way they could capture the whole of it!"

"If that is what is going on, we shall not be safe a moment!" Diana said in growing alarm. "What would be easier than for some wretch to creep up to the stockade and shoot at us through a crack between the logs?"

"But there are the dogs," Philip said after a moment's anxious thought.

"Then for mercy's sake don't shoot any more of them!" Diana exclaimed. "Maybe they are our protectors after all."

Miserable days of extreme uneasiness and apprehension followed. The two young people began to fear they might not be able to save their furs or even to escape from the





post with their lives. It was unsafe, they feared, for both of them to fall asleep at once by night; so one or the other always watched. The situation was desperate. If, as they dreaded, the Indians had become disaffected and hostile, it might be impossible to make the journey to Lake St. John either by canoe or by dog team. It was now the 1st of April; within two or three weeks the snow would melt and the ice would break up on the rivers and lakes. The outlook was bad whichever way they turned.

On one of those last days they heard the same menacing voice reviling them again at a distance in the forest. One morning too, while looking off through a chink in the stockade, Diana saw the boughs of a large spruce tree across the river moving unusually. Since there was no wind at the time, she thought at first that it was some animal that had climbed the tree; but when Philip fetched his field glass they saw that it was a man evidently watching the post. Then they caught glimpses of his face, and it seemed to be the face of a white man. Possibly it was Diana's imagination, but she believed that she recognized the evil face of the ruffian who had come to the gate some months before.

More than once the movements of the dogs outside had led them to suspect that prowlers were lurking about the post; several times the whole pack had set off at full cry and had run to considerable distances in the woods, as if they had heard persons or other dogs in that direction. Now it was the dogs that announced the approach of a most extraordinary visitor. Hearing them howling or rather whining in a strange way quite unlike their usual savage yelps, Diana went to peep out and saw a man, at least a human being, coming toward the gate of the stockade. He had on a long coat or gown of deerskin, curiously striped and checked in red and blue and fringed all round with row on row of bear's teeth and porcupine quills. On his head was a kind of hood trimmed with the long feathers of ravens or crows. There were hideous black circles painted round his eyes, and the use of a red pigment had made his mouth seem to extend from ear to ear. He carried a kind of closed wooden pannikin with a long handle and was swinging it slowly round his head; either steam or fine white dust was issuing from the pan.

"He appeared to have laid some sort of spell on the dogs," Diana said afterwards. "They were whining and walking round him in a circle, with their heads turned down. When he came within a few steps of the gate he stopped, though he continued to swing that steaming pannikin slowly round his head. And I admit I did not in the least like his looks. In fact I dropped the lid of the peephole and ran to get Phil. He came in a hurry, and just then we smelled an awful odor! I had never smelled anything like it. It was stifling; it choked us! We both fell back from the gate. 'I guess that's what subdued the dogs,' Phil said, catching his breath. 'Isn't it awful?'"

"As we stood there choking and with our eyes full of tears we heard sounds as of some one scratching or marking with a knife on the gate. The noise continued for some moments and along with the awful odor and the low whining of the dogs gave us both queer sensations. Philip got one of the rifles that we now kept loaded and handy just inside the door of the dwelling house. 'I'm going to scare him off,' he said.

"Over the top of the gate there was a chink two inches wide perhaps, and Phil thrust the muzzle of the carbine out there and fired. We heard steps running away and, on looking out, saw our singular caller down by the river bank, running fast, but still swinging the pannikin round his head and the pack of dogs gazing after him in a sober sort of way.

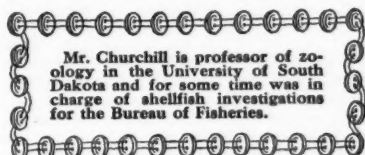
"Neither Philip nor I had ever seen one of the Montagnais medicine men, but we had heard of them and thought at first that this man was probably one of them, though we could not imagine what he had come for or what he was trying to do at the gate. But we soon changed our minds. 'That was no medicine man!' exclaimed Philip suddenly. 'That was some rascally white, rigged up to look like one, and he came to peep in and find out how many of us there are here and how we're situated!'"

"Phil probably was right, and the thought alarmed us more than anything that had happened. 'We must certainly get away from here somehow,' he said. 'And we must go at once before the snow melts!'"

TO BE CONCLUDED.

## OUR PEARL BUTTONS

By E. P. Churchill, Jr.



Mr. Churchill is professor of zoology in the University of South Dakota and for some time was in charge of shellfish investigations for the Bureau of Fisheries.

**M**ENTION of the fresh-water mussel, or clam, usually brings to mind the thought of pearls. Many people, however, do not know that there are cut annually from the shells of these clam pearl buttons of twice the value of the pearls found within them.

Making fresh-water pearl buttons is our most important button industry; the yearly output is valued at approximately six million dollars. The output of buttons made from ocean pearl and that of buttons made from vegetable ivory rank next in importance at about three million dollars each. Buttons are made also of metal, cloth, bone, wood, glass, leather and other substances, but more are produced from fresh-water mussel shells than from any other one material. If you cut a piece from a fresh-water mussel shell and examine the edge, you will see that with the exception of a thin dark outer layer the shell is composed of hard, pearly-white, often iridescent, material, which is called the nacre, or mother-of-pearl. The term "mother-of-pearl" is a misnomer; the pearls do not grow from the nacre, but are themselves nacre secreted from the cells of the clam round an injury or a parasite or a foreign substance in the body wall. The nacre of the shell is deposited in successive layers, and the shell becomes thicker with age. Our buttons are pure pearl; they are merely shaped differently from the pearls worn in necklaces and, because the nacre in a button is in flat layers, have a somewhat inferior lustre. The nacre of a pearl is deposited in successively larger rounded layers over the outside of a sphere.

### FRESH-WATER MUSSELS

The fresh-water mussel fishery is confined to the Mississippi Basin; the most important streams are in order the Mississippi, the Rock, the Illinois, the White, the Ohio, the Black, the Wabash, the St. Croix, the St. Francis, the Okaw, the Cumberland, the Fox, the Muskingum, the Neosho, the Pecatonica, the Kentucky and the Tennessee. Most of them are part of the Mississippi River system; a few flow into the Gulf of Mexico. The waters of the Mississippi Basin carry a considerable quantity of lime eroded from the limestone strata through which they flow, and thus the mussels have an abundance of lime for shell making. The mussels of the streams on the Atlantic and on the Pacific slopes and in the Rocky Mountain region are too thin-shelled to be suitable for buttons.

The fresh-water pearl button industry was started in the United States by J. F. Boepple, a turner and button maker who had lived near Hamburg, Germany. In 1887 he came to America, bringing with him his wooden foot-power lathe. He found work on a farm in Illinois. One day while swimming in the Sangamon River he cut his foot on something; he soon found that he had stepped on the edge of a mussel shell, and that the

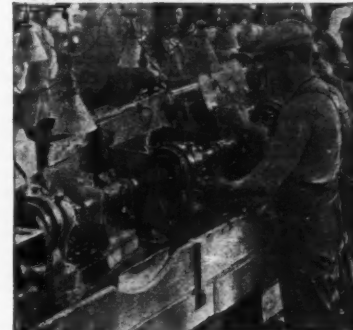
river bed was covered with them. On account of his experience as a button maker he became interested in the shells and during the winter set up his lathe and experimented in cutting buttons from them. He was so successful that in 1891 he managed to interest sufficient capital to start the first fresh-water pearl button factory, at Muscatine, Iowa. The centre of the industry is still at Muscatine, where there are perhaps forty factories engaged in the work. About three thousand persons in or near that city are employed at the factories. The annual output of fresh-water pearl buttons is approximately fifteen million gross, about sixty per cent of which are made at factories in Iowa, and the greater part of those are at Muscatine. There are, however, factories at other places in the Mississippi Valley and also in the East, in New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Maryland. Including the fishery and the manufacture, nearly one half of the states are directly concerned in the producing side of the industry.

The fresh-water mussel belongs to the group of Mollusca popularly named bivalves because the body is inclosed in two valves, or shells. There are approximately five hundred species in the United States, but only about forty have shells that are suitable for buttons. Of the forty only some fifteen are of sufficient importance to be used extensively. Among them, to call them by their common names, are the yellow sand shell, or banana, the niggerhead, the mucket, the fat mucket, the pimple back, the hickory nut, the maple leaf, the monkey face, the pig toe, the blue point, the washboard, the pocketbook and the butterfly. The first three or four are the best. Many species are unfit for making buttons on account of the chalkiness or the thinness of the shells or the brown discolorations of the nacre. In some species the nacre is purple, reddish or pink, and shells so colored are not used for buttons, since the colors do not run uniformly and fade unevenly.

The life history of the fresh-water mussel is unique. Inside the shells a pair of flaps are suspended by their upper edges along each side of the body; they are the gills, or respiratory organs. They are also food collectors; their surfaces are covered with fine hairs called cilia, which strain from the water microscopic animals, plants and organic debris upon which the mussels feed and pass them forward to the mouth. Furthermore, the eggs are not discharged from the body but pass into cavities in the gills, where they remain a few weeks and develop into bivalve forms called glochidia, less than a millimetre long and without the organs of the adult. Then they are cast into the water and, strange to say, must become attached to the gills of a fish in order to continue their existence. Those that fail to do so soon die. The fortunate ones are swept into the mouth of the fish and snap their shells together upon its gills as they are passing out with the water. The tissues of the fish gill form cysts over the glochidia. So held, the little mussels are carried about for a week or two. They do no appreciable harm to the fish, though they probably receive a little nourishment from its blood. Curiously enough, each species of mussel uses a specific fish as host; for example, the young of the yellow sand shell will attach only to the gills of the gar, those of the fat mucket to the bass, and

so on. During that period of parasitism each glochidium undergoes a metamorphosis, at the end of which it possesses the organs of the adult, but has not increased in size. As soon as the young mussels drop from the fish gills they fall to the bottom, where they begin to eat and crawl about by means of a tongue-like foot; they feed almost incessantly. On reaching a length of a millimetre or two they spin a fine thread called the byssus from a gland in the foot. The end of it attaches to some object in the water, and thus the mussel is held from being washed downstream. When the mussel approaches perhaps an inch in length the byssus disappears, and the creature thrusts its forward end into the sand or the mud and leaves its rear end above. At times a current of water is inhaled between the shells at the rear end for the purpose of drawing in food and oxygen. The clam may move about by pushing its axe-shaped foot through the sand and

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF U. S. BUREAU OF FISHERIES



The machine that cuts pearl disks out of the shells

then pulling its body forward, but it spends a good part of its time motionless except for inhaling and exhaling the current of water. Mussels reach adult size in five or six years, although some exceptionally large specimens appear to have continued their growth for a longer period.

Mussels are not found continuously on the bottoms of the rivers, but in so-called beds at different places the position of which depends on various conditions of current, bottom, food and other circumstances. Mussels live on sand, mud and gravel bottoms and both in shallow and in deep water. There are no privately owned or leased beds; nor are there any planted beds. Mussel "farming" has not yet begun.

### METHOD OF PROPAGATION

Recent legislation in Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Arkansas and perhaps another state or two grants authority to close certain streams or parts of streams to mussel fishing for a period of five years, provided that not more than fifty per cent of the total area of all the mussel-bearing waters of the state are closed at any one time. Under that legislation in some states steps are now being taken to designate closed areas. Those states also have passed laws that forbid the taking of mussels of less than a certain size, varying from two to two and three quarters inches long.

A method of propagation of fresh-water mussels is, however, being employed. It was devised in 1910 by Dr. Lefevre and Dr. Curtis of the University of Missouri, who were engaged by the United States Bureau of Fisheries for the purpose of working out methods of preserving and increasing the supply, which then was becoming depleted. After they had learned the life history they found that it was practicable to make the step from gill to gill—that is, from the mother mussel to the fish—surer for the young mussel. In the ordinary course of events thousands of glochidia are doomed to perish because no fish is obliging enough to stand by at the proper time to receive them upon its gills. The artificial method of propagation is as follows: Numbers of the suitable species of fish are caught, and a few at a time are placed in a tub of water. Then gills filled with glochidia are taken from an adult mussel and cut open, and the glochidia are scattered among the fish. After a few minutes the gills of the fish will be thickly

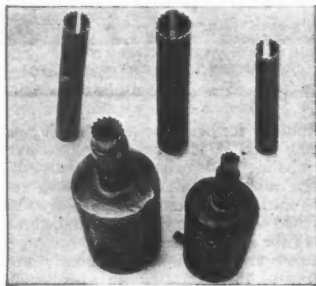
Bar and crowfoot outfit for taking mussels





covered with the young mussels; sometimes there will be as many as two thousand fastened on a single fish. The fish are then put back into the river, and successive lots are "infected," to use the technical term. Since the method was originated the Bureau of Fisheries has maintained crews of men in various regions to carry on the work during the summer months. In that way millions of young mussels that otherwise would perish are permitted to reach adult size. The bureau has established a well-equipped biological laboratory at Fairport, Iowa, near Muscatine, for the continuous study of problems relating to the mussels; it is also the centre of control for the propagation work.

Mussels may be taken from the beds for the trade by two methods. The less used is that of the shoulder rake, a large iron rake shaped somewhat like a basket with a number of curved iron teeth about ten inches long on one side; it is mounted on a wooden handle some ten or twelve feet in length. The clammer stands in a boat and laboriously rakes up clams from the bottom. Most of the mussels, however, are taken by means of crowfoot hooks, which are made from wires twisted and bent to form a shank four or five inches long with a loop at one end and four curved projections an inch long at the other; the projections lie in different planes. A number of crowfoot hooks are attached to a light chain about three feet in length. Some thirty chains so equipped are secured to an iron rod ten or twelve feet long; the rod is fitted with ropes so that it can be dragged over the river bottom behind a shallow, flat-bottomed john boat. The clammer starts at the upstream end of the mussel bed and allows the boat to drift with the current. Often a large flat wooden structure about three feet broad by ten or twelve feet long,



The tubular saws  
The two below are already inserted into  
"spurs," which a belt revolves

called a mule, is fastened in the water across the outside of the bow of the boat in such a way that the current strikes it broadside and thus propels the boat. As the curved hooks pass over the mussels they often enter the upper, gaping ends of the shells. The mussel responds with its only means of defense; it shuts up. Furthermore, it knows no better than to hang on and be dragged along. Soon the clammer lowers another bar and gear, lifts the first and removes the mussels, throwing back those obviously unfit for buttons. Various other tools are occasionally used, and mussels are sometimes taken by hand from shallow water.

After being gathered the mussels are brought ashore and steamed out. They are placed in a shallow wooden box and covered with gunny sacks; then a fire is built in a pit beneath the box, which has sheet iron over the bottom. The heat kills the mussels, and the shells gape. Then they are shoveled to the sorting table, where the meats are removed by hand, and the serviceable shells are sacked or piled up. Sedulous search is made through the meats for pearls; the meats are then thrown away, for no economical use has been found for them. The shells are conveyed by boat or rail to the button factory, where they bring from thirty to sixty dollars or more a ton. There the shells are stored in large covered bins to prevent deterioration by weathering. They are then classified in respect to species, quality and size and soaked a week or more in water to soften them.

The buttons are cut from the shell by means of a tubular hardened steel saw the inner diameter of which is the size of the desired button. The unit of button measure is the "line," which equals one fortieth of an inch. Fresh-water pearl buttons usually measure from fourteen to forty lines. The saw is three or four inches long and is placed horizontally in the left side of a machine much like a lathe so that it can be revolved by a power-driven belt; then the teeth are

filed. At the right side of the lathe, opposite the saw, is a round wooden plug, also placed horizontally and equipped with a hand ratchet by means of which it can be gradually moved forward. The button cutter starts the saw to revolving and with a pair of tongs or with his left hand, which is protected by a mitten, seizes a shell and places it between the saw and the plug with the pearly side next the saw. As the left hand holds the shell in position, the right operates the ratchet so that the plug moves slowly forward, forcing the shell against the whirling saw; a steady pressure is maintained until a circular piece is sawed out. The piece, which is called a blank, is the button in the rough. It remains inside the saw; the plug is moved away to the right, allowing the shell to be shifted to a fresh spot, and the process is repeated. As successive blanks are cut the preceding ones are pushed through the saw and fall into a receptacle. During the cutting fine jets of water play on saw and shell to keep them cool and to lay the dust. What remains of the shells after the blanks are cut is ground up and used for poultry grit.

The cutters, who are men, saw on the average thirty-five hundred blanks a day apiece and receive thirty or forty dollars a week. The blanks are classified by means of sieves and by being passed between rollers set at varying distances apart. Next they are "tumbled" by being shaken with water and pumice in slowly revolving barrels to clean them and smooth the rough edges. They are then placed on moving belts that carry them under emery wheels, which grind off the colored backs and reduce them to the desired thickness. Only one button is made from each blank; the layers of nacre do not run straight enough to allow the blanks to be split evenly. They are again soaked in water to soften them and then are fed by hand into a very ingenious and complicated machine that drills the holes; the machine has a capacity of about two hundred gross a day.

The buttons are again tumbled in churns with water and pumice and then are polished by still another tumbling into acid and steam. After that they are dried, and a final lustre is added by shaking them in a mixture of dry sawdust and washing powder.

Discolored shells may be blackened with sulphur and silver nitrate and used for making smoked-pearl buttons. No successful method of bleaching or staining has been found for the purple and pink shells that occur in nature. White buttons are dyed in various hues to produce the fancy colored buttons found on the market. The last step is sorting the buttons and sewing them on cards.

The fresh-water pearl button industry, it will be noted, is scarcely more than thirty years old. Its development, however, constitutes a unique chapter in our economic history. Private enterprise, aided by scientific research, has taken an otherwise virtually waste material and has placed within the reach of all an essential commodity that could not have been supplied so abundantly or so cheaply from any other source. We do not all display pearl necklaces or similar ornaments, but, thanks to the enterprise and persistence of Mr. Boepple and his followers and to the researches of the national government, we can do what a comparatively short time ago the wealthiest prince could not do—we can all wear genuine pearl buttons.

## RED-PEACOCK RICE *By* Albert W. Tolman

WITH an angry gesture that flung open the collar of his white jacket and revealed the red tattooing on his neck Maring Khaing, chief of Kannee, grasped the handle of his dah. The keen blade flashed from its bamboo sheath slung over his left shoulder by a scarlet cord. "Tha Zan! Po Tokel Nga Kank! Stop the foreign dogs! Take away the rice!"



The Burmans pressed threateningly round Bob Griswold and Stanley Parkes, who were covering the retreat of their interpreter, Mounng Daw, who was staggering under fifty pounds of paddy. In the canoe Manny Gyi and Manny Gale grasped their paddles tight; amidsthips Chin Goong lifted an anxious face from the cooking pot over his charcoal fire. Olive hands plucked at the sack. Here and there a dah glittered in the burning sun. But at last boys and interpreter gained the slimy bank.

"Hold 'em a minute, Stan!" shouted Bob. Leaping astern, he dived under the bamboo matting and was out again with their double-barreled shotgun. "Hands off! Get back!"

The villagers gave ground. Passing his bag to Chin Goong, Mounng Daw followed Stanley aboard and leaped for the steering oar.

"Paddle!" cried Bob. Manny Gyi and Manny Gale dug deep and hard. The canoe surged out on the clear green creek.

"Swing her! Now for the Irrawaddy!" Chattering angrily, a dozen natives started for their dugouts. "Stop!" ordered Maring Khaing.

He glanced quickly up at the sky, next at the dark green jungle swaying in the strong, hot wind. Then he stood statue-like with arms folded and his betel-blackened teeth showed in a hostile grin. It was a smile not of defeat but of anticipation. His followers laughed too and waved mocking farewells.

As Kannee disappeared behind the bend Bob drew a long breath. "That was a close squeak! We just slipped out from between his thumb and forefinger. At any rate we've got the rice. But I don't like that fellow's grin," he continued uneasily. "It's six miles

to the Irrawaddy, and this creek's as crooked as a snake. They'll ambush us if we don't watch sharp!"

In October, five months before, Bob had stood in the counting-room of his father, an East India merchant of Boston. Mitchell Slade, a South Carolina planter, was there also. From a jute bag marked with three faded red peacocks Roger Griswold had poured out a cascade of Rangoon rice.

"Magnificent!" cried the Southerner. "I never saw finer, but every grain's mildewed; it's worthless for seed. I'd give five hundred in gold for fifty pounds of that variety in bang-up condition!"

It was before the Civil War in the days when American commerce girdled the globe. Griswold accepted the planter's challenge. "The Annisquam of the Orient line sails for Rangoon Monday; general merchandise out; jute and silks back. Bob here makes his first trip as supercargo. Your fifty pounds of red-peacock'll be on this table by next September."

"Good! So will your five hundred in gold." The ship reached Rangoon on the 20th of March, and Bob took the three-peacock bag to Shway Bang, a large rice merchant.

"I sold my last bushel of that brand yesterday," Shway Bang said regretfully. "It comes from Kannee, a hundred miles up the Irrawaddy."

Bob swallowed his disappointment. "I'll go to Kannee. Guess I can buy fifty pounds if I pay high enough."

"The chief, Maring Khaing, does not like strangers," the merchant warned him. "Still, if your mind is made up, I will hire a boat for you."

Captain Slocum of the Annisquam tried to discourage his supercargo, but Bob was firm. "My father's counting on that rice," he said. "I'll be back in a week at the longest. Stanley Parkes is going with me." Stanley was the son of the captain of the Salem bark Ranger, anchored near the Annisquam.

"Well, you know your own business best," grumbled Slocum. "But you'd better take this." And he handed him his own shotgun.

Shway Bang had engaged a canoe of swamp mahogany twenty feet long and two and a half feet wide at the centre; it was round-bottomed and keelless, and its gunwales were built up with plank. It had a movable mast and sail. In the stern was a boarded space arched with bamboo matting under which passengers might creep on hands and knees.

There were two paddlers, Manny Gyi (the big one) and Manny Gale (the little

one), Chin Goong, cook, and Mounng Daw, steersman and interpreter. Each carried a dah, the all-round chopping knife used by the Burmese.

They left Rangoon harbor shortly after sunrise. Soon the tall masts dropped from sight, and they were slipping through narrow channels in the low delta between level paddy fields broken with jungles and an occasional bamboo village. Afternoon found them on the broad Irrawaddy, dotted with red-sailed craft of every size. Stretched out on rugs under the stern matting, Bob and Stanley thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

As a glorious sunset turned the river to fiery gold they moored the canoe within sound of the gongs of a Buddhist monastery. Chin Goong set his earthen cooking chatty over a fire built between three lumps of clay from the muddy bank and prepared a heaping dish of boiled rice and curry seasoned with Cayenne pepper.

That evening the Americans questioned Mounng Daw for a fascinating hour. Forward Manny Gyi and Manny Gale talked low; and Chin Goong smoked his hubbub-pipe. The stars burned like candles in the clear water, and the moon had transmuted the filmy river mist to fairy silver.

Two days they paddled up the Irrawaddy. Early the third forenoon Mounng Daw swung the canoe sharply into an opening in the western bank. "Lessein Creek! Kannee is only six miles farther!"

The stream turned and twisted. Serried ranks of tall bamboos walled its low shores; it was the heart of the dry season, and the white sear leaves rustled in the strong wind like gigantic grass blades.

Four miles from the Irrawaddy the land rose, the bamboo growth ended, and the green jungle reared its dense tangle. Soft emerald twilight, cool and still, replaced the glaring sun. Birds called, and monkeys swung from bough to bough; crocodiles lifted their ugly snouts and cruel eyes above the surface and then slid away. On either side narrow waterways marked by notched trees led off into the dense bush.

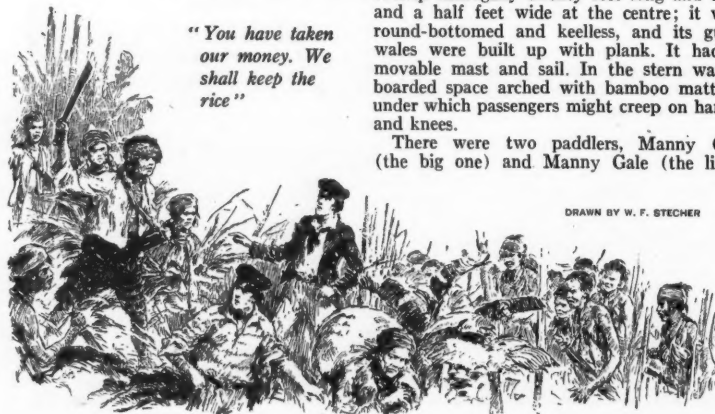
The creek rounded a giant banyan. "Kannee!" announced Mounng Daw.

A dozen dugouts floated before a village of raised dwellings bowered in palms and mangoes. The creek side lay open; the three other sides were protected against wild beasts and dacoits by a thorn stockade.

Bob, Stanley and the interpreter landed. Surrounded by snarling dogs, lean razorback pigs and suspicious natives, they were escorted to the chief. Maring Khaing, squat, sallow and black-haired, received them surly and refused to trade.

Through Mounng Daw, Bob coaxed and argued. The chief, smoking huge cheroots and chewing betel from a lacquered box, grunted monosyllabic refusals. Bob produced a canvas bag of rupees. Maring Khaing's eyes glittered avariciously. He exhibited a sack of paddy—the unhusked grains were bright golden.

They bartered. Bob raised his offer rupee by rupee; the chief was a hard bargainer. At last the trade closed at several times the actual value of the rice. Rice and rupees



DRAWN BY W. F. STECHER



changed hands. Moun Daw shouldered the sack, and they started for the canoe. "Stop!" called Maring Khaing. "I have changed my mind. You cannot have the rice." But he said nothing of returning the money.

Bob did some quick thinking. He remembered Shway Bang's warning; he remembered what Captain Slocum had said to him. The canvas bag still held a goodly sum. The chief might hold them for ransom; worse, he might murder them outright. Then Bob remembered how much that red-peacock meant to his father and Slade, and he set his jaw. "It is a fair bargain. You have taken our money. We shall keep the rice."

Then had come Maring Khaing's explosion of anger, followed shortly by his inscrutable grin.

Bob sighed as they rounded the banyan again, safe and sound. "I'll be glad when we see the masts in Rangoon harbor."

The paddles dipped fast. With his gun across his knees Bob kept a keen eye on the jungle, and Stanley watched astern.

"I can't get Maring Khaing's grin out of my mind," said Bob. "Somewhere ahead we're booked for trouble. Those natives know the forest paths, and they can easily cut in before us on this crooked stream. I hope they haven't any guns."

One mile went by, then two, and still no alarm broke the green silence. They reached the lowlands; on either side rose the dense bamboos, swaying and rustling overhead.

"Four miles more to the Irrawaddy!" said Moun Daw.

To and fro swung the paddlers. A faint rattle, like a distant rifle fire, floated down the wind.

"What's that?"

Both boys listened. Suddenly there came a flash above as if the sky had burst into flame. A sheet of flame rushed over the nodding crests; it leaped the stream and spread like wildfire through the tossing dry tops on the opposite side. Down sifted a shower of soft, feathery ashes.

Maring Khaing had trapped them! He had waited until the canoe was well into the lowlands and then had fired the bamboos!

What should the voyagers do? The Irrawaddy was two miles ahead; the green jungle was two miles behind. There was no time to go forward, no time to go back. The strong wind was driving the conflagration on at terrific speed, burning the dry stems from the top downward. Soon the swampy flat would be like a furnace.

"Paddle!" yelled Bob. "Paddle hard!"

Manny Gyi and Manny Gale bent their backs; the canoe shot forward. But all knew that the flames would be upon them long before they could reach the river. The distant rattle, rolling nearer and louder, was deepening into a din like that of a bombardment. Each bamboo joint was a tight-sealed cylinder; the flame, suddenly heating the air in the stalks, turned the moisture into steam and caused the sections to burst with violent explosions. Blazing stems, shooting high into the air, spread the conflagration broadcast.

"Harder!" exhorted Bob.

The dipping paddles quickened. A long vista opened between the bamboo walls. A hundred yards ahead a low sheet of clear fire blew across, almost licking the water. To advance farther would be suicidal. Appalled, the two Burmans stopped paddling; Moun Daw dropped his steering oar. The crew stared at one another with pale faces.

For a moment Bob felt sick. What a fool he had been ever to risk a trip to Kannee! It looked as if the journey would cost six lives. Roger Griswold in far-off Boston would wait in vain for his son and the red-peacock rice. And there was Stanley too! What wouldn't Bob have given if only he hadn't pulled his friend into the scrape! He glanced hopelessly about. On the land they would be roasted alive amid the close stems. On the narrow creek they would be suffocated or drowned and devoured by crocodiles. Bob groaned; then he pulled himself together. He wouldn't give up. But what could he do? He looked at the dark water; he looked at the overhanging bank fringed with sedgy shoals. One chance? Yes!

"Stanley! Moun Daw! Quick!"

In a few hasty words Bob explained his plan to his companions. They agreed at once. It was that or death; it might be death anyway.

Manny Gyi and Manny Gale paddled the canoe in close to the shore, and Bob at once leaped out. "The rice, Chin Goong! A rug and the shotgun, Stan! Lend me your dah, Moun Daw! Now sink the boat!"

He laid the gun down at the base of the bamboos. With Moun Daw's dah he cut and dug a hole large enough to contain the rice. Then he wrapped the sack and a box of cartridges in the rug, thrust the bundle into the hole and covered it with dirt.

Meanwhile Stanley and the Burmans had jumped overboard into water above their waists and, careening the canoe, had sunk it by heaping mud aboard. They finished at the same time as Bob, and he gave further orders: "Moun Daw and Chin Goong, dig out under that bank! The rest of us'll build a wall in front! Work fast!"

All toiled like mad with hands and dahs, scooping up clay and sedge and building their barricade. Every moment more intense heat smote upon them from the bamboos, which were burning down from their tops. To windward reverberated the crack, crack of bursting joints—an unceasing rattle mingled with thunderous crashes like artillery fire. Hotter and hotter grew the air. The panting voyagers labored frantically. The barrier was almost completed when Stanley cried out in alarm: "Bob! Bob!"

Griswold whirled. A large crocodile was swimming straight for Moun Daw. Snatching the shotgun from the bank, Bob took careful aim at the brute's eye and fired. There was a tremendous splash. Mud and water flew as the thrashing tail churned the creek to yellow foam. Again Bob pulled the trigger. The floundering reptile gave a final convulsive shudder and then slowly sank.

Tossing his weapon ashore, Bob turned again to his task. Sections of blazing bamboo like fiery rockets fell hissing round them. At last the heat became so intense that they could work no longer.

"High enough!" gasped Bob. "Get inside!"

They had built up the wall until the top of it touched the bank; there was an opening at either end. Stanley and the Burmans crawled inside. Bob took a final look round. With a crackling roar a wave of flame surged over his head, and he dived behind the barricade.

"Plaster up the other end!" he cried, stuffing with mud the opening through which he had entered.

Half-submerged, they lay in utter darkness behind the slimy wall. The black minutes dragged by slowly. The air was hot and suffocating. Bob was tormented with anxiety; six human beings could not live long in so small a space. Stanley leaned against his chum. "I can't stand this much longer," he muttered.

Bob clawed a hole through the baked mud, and in gushed a tide of fiery heat. He caught a glimpse of a whirl of yellow flame; the very air seethed with it. Within the light glimmered on strange, slime-covered creatures breathing heavily, with red eyes and drooping heads. He plugged the hole quickly.

Another interval of silence passed in the thick, hot gloom. Stanley was weakening; Bob supported more and more of his weight. One of the Burmans began to groan. Flesh and blood could endure only so much. Soon they must open their prison or suffocate. Had the air outside cooled enough to allow them to breathe and live? They waited.

"Stan!" called Bob. "Stan!"

There was no answer. Stanley sagged over his chum's arm; he had fainted.

With his small remaining strength Bob assailed the barrier. The outside was crusted hard, but at last the shell broke under his fierce hammering, and a flood of light burst in. Air! Air! Hot and smoky, but breathable!

He pounded away at the wall until the opening was large enough to allow him to drag Stanley outside. More dead than alive the Burmans crawled after him into the veiled sunlight. On either side of the ash-covered stream blazing bamboos lifted their blackened stumps amid clouds of smoke.

Bob first drenched his chum with water until the young sailor recovered consciousness. Next the rice! Bob dug anxiously until he reached the rug; the sack and its contents were perfectly dry, unharmed by moisture or heat.

Raising, cleaning and baling out the canoe proved to be no easy task, but at last they got it afloat. Then they embarked and started down the creek. Two miles of paddling between the sullenly smoking shores brought them out upon the broad bosom of the Irrawaddy.

Bob cast a final glance back at the lowlands buried in brown haze. "Good-by to Kannee and Maring Khaing! Now for Rangoon and the Annisquam! We've saved our lives, and we've got the red-peacock!"



IN A FLASH HE HAD SIDESTEPED THE BLOW Photo by Paul Thompson

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WIDE WORLD PHOTOS



President and Mrs. Harding on tour

### FACT AND COMMENT

**EDUCATION IS ONE THING** that no one can get in a hurry.

Use little Chips and Twigs to start the Fire And great Logs only when the Flame leaps higher.

**THE MAN WHO WRITES YOU** an anonymous letter and signs it "a friend" is either a liar or a coward, and perhaps he is both.

**A CHEAP COMFORT** in summer is a shower bath. If you can do no better, even the sprinkler head of a watering pot attached to the bottom of a ten-gallon keg will serve.

**PENNSYLVANIA** has passed an antilynching law that provides for a fine of \$10,000 to be levied against any county where a lynching takes place. Participation in a lynching may be construed as murder, and the attempt to rescue a prisoner from an officer is punishable with a minimum fine of \$10,000 and imprisonment for not more than ten years.

**HOW BINDING** on our national government is a contract? Justice Hoehling of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia recently ruled that the national government may break a contract at any time if it can gain anything by doing it. The injured party cannot compel the government to live up to the terms of the contract; he must take his case to the court of claims.

**MANY OF THE MEXICAN LABORERS** who come to the United States enter the country by other routes than the regular immigration channels. Wherever they can do it they wade or swim the Rio Grande. Observers say that as many as a hundred thousand will enter the country this year. Employment offices in Texas are shipping gangs of them to points as far away as Michigan and Pennsylvania.

**"HANDLE WITH CARE"** seems to mean little to the ordinary freight handler. Perhaps he does not read. A precautionary measure that some companies are now using is stenciling on the outside of the case a picture of what the package contains. The picture of an electric-light bulb, it seems, is more efficacious than admonitions. An X ray of what some of the cases contain at the end of the journey might be useful too.

**TO CALL ATTENTION** to the different ways of doing business in foreign countries the Department of Commerce tells of an American rug buyer who recently found that in Peking he could buy one rug for \$100, but that as soon as he tried to order one hundred rugs the price advanced to \$125. It is the peculiar psychology of the Chinese trader that impels him to raise instead of to lower the price when he discovers that his prospective customer wants to buy in quantity.

**TWO AMERICAN CONCERNS** competed for the same business in a certain European port. The customer, who was unfamiliar with American grading rules for the goods in question, received from one exporter a flat price that covered all three grades included in his order. The other exporter, being fully familiar with the requirements of the foreign market, quoted three different prices for the

three different qualities that made up the order. He got the business. On investigation it was found that the firm that received the order had in reality quoted a higher price than the other firm, but that it had pleased the foreign customer by grading the merchandise as that particular foreign market required. An amusing phase of the transaction is that the successful bidder bought his goods from his unsuccessful competitor.

### THE PRESIDENT ON THE RAILWAYS

**ON** his Western trip the President did not devote himself exclusively to any one issue, not even to the Court of International Justice, in which he is so deeply interested. Several times—notably at Kansas City—he talked about the railways, a subject that agitated the whole country a number of years before the Court of International Justice was thought of, and that promises to remain a matter of disension long after that court has proved either a permanent step in the direction of peace and justice or a discouraging failure.

Like everyone else the President sees that the railways can hardly go on as they are going, since the uncertainty with regard to their future and the financial difficulties of their present situation make it every year more difficult to get the capital needed to maintain, improve and extend the service.

The conclusions of the President will not please everyone; they did not please even all of his hearers at Kansas City. They will offend all those who want the public to own and run the railways; they will also go counter to the wishes of many of the railway men—those who are in control of large and profitable systems that they do not want to see used as financial supports for less successful roads.

In brief, the President declared frankly that he was opposed to the government's running the railways. His opposition is based on the conviction that that would "destroy personal initiative, infect us with political corruption, create regional jealousies and impose incalculable cost on the public treasury." At Cheyenne he expressed the same views on the nationalization of the coal mines.

What he does favor is continued private management, but through the consolidation of the roads into a few big systems in which the strong and rich roads could come to the relief of the smaller and weaker systems. President Harding did not go much into detail in the matter of consolidation, but it is evident that he had in mind the plan of the Interstate Commerce Commission on which The Companion commented nearly two years ago. That plan was drawn up by eminent authorities in economics and transportation, and, although some of the railways did not like the way in which they were grouped, it is not likely that anyone could suggest a better or more practicable plan. The proposal grouped the railways into some nineteen great systems, and the combinations were "end to end" rather than a union of lines serving the same territory.

The plan has made no particular progress since it was first published, because the forces that oppose it are strong. Both the radicals and the strongly conservative men in railway affairs are against it. But the idea has the support of many of the business men and of the moderate men in railroading. Probably the President's words will encourage the supporters of the plan again to bring up the whole question in Congress.

### LABOR SHORTAGE

**THERE** are two large opportunities for relieving the shortage of labor without resorting to the dangerous expedient of letting down the bars to immigration. One is more labor-saving devices; the other is a fuller use of the present supply of labor.

It is no accident that countries where there is a surplus of labor have made little use of labor-saving machinery. Labor has been so abundant that no one has had a strong motive for trying to use it economically. The countries where labor has been relatively scarce have always led in mechanical improvements. The reason is that there was a motive for trying to economize in labor. Wise men always try to economize in the things that are scarce rather than in those that are superabundant.

When farmers and manufacturers can depend upon a reserve of casual labor they

need not plan for a permanent labor force. When extra work has to be done they can hire extra men; when work slackens they can discharge them. But when they can no longer depend upon a reserve of casual labor they must change their plans. Farmers learned that long ago, and there is no reason why manufacturers too should not learn it. When farmers know that they cannot get extra help whenever they want it they plan for a permanent force. They give up the one-crop system and adopt a method of farming that will keep the working force busy all the year. That is much more economical of the man power of the country than maintaining a force of idle laborers during a part of the year in order to have enough to carry the peak load during another part of the year. A general policy for all industry that will keep a permanent force employed all the year is much better for the country (because it is more economical of man power) than a policy of relying upon reserves of casual labor.

### THE SENSE OF OBLIGATION

**THERE** is nothing at all attractive in the idea of obligation. No one enjoys being under an obligation, no one likes to assume new obligations; and a person who is really kind and well disposed does not enjoy feeling that he has put another person under obligations, however much he may have enjoyed doing the kindness that has had that practical effect upon their relationship. Yet, if to incur obligations is always more or less unpleasant, to fulfill them is one of the more buoyant experiences of life, and perhaps we should be philosophical enough to welcome them for the sake of the satisfaction we shall feel when we get rid of them.

Certainly among the people who do not permit themselves to be oppressed by the sense of their obligations we usually find those who are most successful in settling the account. There are some of course who light-heartedly or callously refuse to meet obligations that they can legally evade, but they may as well be excluded from our consideration, for we do not recognize ourselves as belonging to that company. Most of us probably make the mistake of letting obligations weigh too heavily upon our spirits—obligations of all sorts, social and moral, large and trifling, obligations to church and state, community and family; if we let ourselves become depressed in contemplating them, we are pretty sure to find our power of satisfactorily meeting them impaired. Some of them are constant, to be terminated only when life closes; if we are harassed by an obligation that is ours for life, we are unlikely to fulfill it adequately and to get from the continuous fulfillment of it the satisfaction that it might yield.

In every responsible human being the sense of obligation is inborn. He has a sense that he must make something of the life that has been given him. Under that sense of obligation he need not chafe. It should be productive not of unhappiness but of happiness. The sense of obligation is really the greatest force in the world.

### SOME INTERESTING CENSUS FIGURES

**A** CENSUS always brings many curious facts to light. A few weeks ago we spoke of what the fourteenth census discloses regarding the persistence of the old native American stock that has come down from the eighteenth century. Those are not the only interesting figures in the census taker's book.

For example, although we think of the United States as a growing country, it is a fact that one third of the counties in the land—more than a thousand all told—actually lost population between 1910 and 1920. Arizona and Connecticut are the only states that contain none of those dwindling communities. The movement is not the abandonment of worn-out or inhospitable soil; on a map where the counties that lost population are indicated by shading the darkest spot is a belt that extends for two or three hundred miles east and west of St. Louis and nearly as far north and south. If there is any better farming land than that in the United States, we do not know where to find it, for that darkest spot is in the Corn Belt.

But it is also a zone of great cities, and other great cities lie on the borders of it within easy reach. The people are continuing

to leave the farm for the city, where they can find employment less arduous than the farm offers and at high and generally increasing wages. The war accelerated the movement, for there were then unusual opportunities and extraordinary wages to be had in the cities. The tide has probably slackened of late, but it has not turned.

Another interesting fact that the statistics prove is the northward drift of the negro. In every Northern state between Nebraska and Massachusetts except the Dakotas the increase of negro population was greater in proportion than the increase of white population. In the South the contrary was the fact, and in several states the negro population actually diminished. That too is probably owing to the disarrangements that the war brought about and to the attractive opportunities that war work offered to negro labor. At the same time it is reported that in all the Northern states negro deaths outnumber negro births. The upper tier of states has not the climate in which the African thrives best.

By way of testing the extent to which the modern economic freedom of women has affected their tendency to marry the returns of 1920 have been compared with those of two colonial censuses of New Hampshire—1767 and 1773—in which the number of single women was taken and reported. There are at least one million more unmarried white women in the country today than there would have been if the proportion of them to the whole population were what it was in New Hampshire one hundred and fifty years ago.

Finally, the census figures seem to show that the pure Indian population is decreasing steadily, though intermarriage with the white race is frequent and the number of people with Indian blood in their veins is larger than ever before. If that tendency continues, as it probably will, it will not be long before the aboriginal race is completely amalgamated with the white population.

### TWO REPORTED CURES

**FROM** Paris come remarkable reports of the efficacy of a new medicine for consumption called phagolysin. The serum, for that is what it is, is said to be an improved form of the tuberculin that Dr. Koch compounded some years ago, but that never fulfilled expectations. It is a syrupy preparation and is taken from a spoon instead of being injected hypodermically. The discoverer of phagolysin is Dr. Gabrilovitch, a Russian bacteriologist who came to Paris after the revolution had broken up his sanatorium for consumptives in Finland. It will be safe to await something more authoritative than the newspaper reports of the cure before placing entire confidence in it.

Another hopeful treatment for tuberculosis is that suggested by an Englishman, Professor Dreyer. It is a kind of vaccine, which he calls "antigen." The results that have followed when it has been given have been so encouraging that the London Medical Research Council has made a commendatory report on it.

### NATIONS IN THE COURT ROOM

**WHAT** is said to be the first lawsuit between two sovereign nations is about to be heard in the Court of International Justice, which President Harding wants the United States to join in supporting. There are in fact two cases, in both of which Germany is concerned; but the first one to be called is the more important as well as the more interesting.

The matter at issue is whether under the Treaty of Versailles Germany has the right to close the Kiel Canal against ships carrying ammunition at a time when there is warfare going forward in which Germany desires to remain neutral. The specific case is that of the British ship Wimbledon, which was stopped by the Germans while it was carrying munitions to Danzig at the time of the hostilities between Poland and Russia. The international lawyers are watching the case with deep attention, for the decision will definitely determine a question of international law, which proceedings in arbitration never do. Americans will also observe the affair with interest for the manner in which the court handles the case; and the degree to which the decision is accepted and enforced will influence many of us either for or against President Harding's proposal.

The question, which is how a treaty shall



be interpreted, is a particularly suitable one for the Court of International Justice to determine. If the board of judges settle it satisfactorily, other disputed questions growing out of the Treaty of Versailles may be brought before the court. The attempt of Russia to extend its authority beyond the three-mile limit, which it abandoned under British coercion, might be a proper subject for the court, and so might the various difficulties that have arisen between European nations and the United States in consequence of our efforts to enforce the Volstead law on foreign ships in American harbors. We shall often see nations hanging back when such a method of settling their quarrels with one another is proposed; but the court may in time be called upon more frequently than boards of arbitration, which, although governments that do not want to submit their cases to any outside judgment often refuse to refer their difficulties to them, have nevertheless settled many a difficult and threatening dispute.

## The Editor's BULLETIN BOARD

### In August

The issues for next month will be unusually full of interesting, varied and important matter.

Miss Gertrude West, whose Four Camp Fires to Bethel was so popular, begins a new series of four stories under the general title of

#### THE JEWEL BOX

There will also be two capital fishing stories

#### LIGHT TACKLE and THE BLACK TROUT

Though the fishing stories will interest every fisherman, they are like Miss West's primarily for girls; but the boys will be amply provided for with six exciting tales of adventure and with the first five chapters of the new serial story by Mr. Arthur Stanwood Pier, entitled

#### RALPH ILLINSON

a boy who is tested by trying experience and who in the end is not found wanting.

The paper will also print these interesting articles:

The Everglades, by Fisher Ames  
Relativity and the Australian Eclipse,  
by Prof. Harlow Shapley of Harvard  
University

A Girl's Cash on Hand, by Frances  
Lester Warner

Johnny Penguin, by Winthrop Sprague  
Brooks

## CURRENT EVENTS

A STRONG political reaction seems to have struck the Canadian province of Ontario. Two or three years ago the United Farmers' party proved to be so strong that the leader of it, Mr. Drury, became premier of Ontario. He has governed with a coalition cabinet that contains some Labor members. The elections last month overturned his ministry. There are 77 Conservatives in the new Parliament, against 15 Liberals, 14 United Farmers and 4 Labor members. Mr. G. H. Ferguson is the new premier.

IN building over the steamship Leviathan—originally the Vaterland—American machinists and shipwrights have turned out the fastest merchant ship in the world. The great ship registered 85,000 horse power and traveled at the rate of 28.04 knots for a distance of seventy-five miles. That means more than thirty-two geographical miles an hour, which is half a knot faster than the Cunarder Mauretania ever went and nearly as much faster than the Olympic, the fastest White Star boat, has ever succeeded in traveling.

THE British and the French ships that brought liquors into New York under seal or in barrels came into the inevitable collision with the prohibition-enforcement officers. The seals were broken, and a considerable amount of the liquor was seized and taken ashore, but the officers left a liberal quantity as "medical supplies." The episode has aroused some indignation abroad, but not so much as many persons expected, since

foreigners seem to take it for granted that by diplomatic means some *modus vivendi* will be reached that will permit foreign steamships to carry a moderate supply of liquor. The comment of the British public men and newspapers on the breaking of the British customs seals was restrained. The premier assured Parliament that the United States had done nothing it had not a perfect right to do, and for once Mr. Lloyd George agreed with him.

AN international commission appointed under the arms-limitation treaty adopted at the Washington conference has made public a new set of rules for aerial warfare. According to the code only military objectives may be bombed from the air; the aviators must not drop bombs on towns or cities to terrify or to kill the civilian inhabitants. That is humane and sensible. We must wait for the "next war" to see how far the armed forces of the various nations will abide by the regulations. Even if they do not boldly violate them, they can always discover some "military objective" in a great city, and if the bomber aims at that he is quite as likely to hit something else. It is a good thing to have rules, but it is a better thing to be sure that they will be obeyed.

MARCUS GARVEY, the West Indian negro whose activity in organizing a movement to transfer a great part of our negro population to Africa The Companion described some two years ago, has been sentenced to prison on a charge of defrauding people to whom he sold stock in his proposed Black Star line of steamers. It appears that the money so raised was spent for other purposes, particularly the maintenance of propaganda.

HOW hot do you suppose flowing lava is? During the recent eruption of Mount Etna the men of science took steps to find out. They plunged electric thermometers into red-hot lava not far from the cracks in the mountain whence it issued and got a reading of 1724° Fahrenheit. It is probably much hotter than that in the interior of the mountain.

AS usual where news from Russia is concerned, we find it hard to know just what has happened to Dr. Tikhon, the deposed patriarch of the Russian Orthodox Church. A dispatch from Moscow says that he has openly recanted from his attitude of opposition to the soviet government and has promised obedience in the future. In consequence, the dispatch goes on to say, he has been released from custody pending his trial for offering resistance to the seizure of church property by the soviets. At the same time correspondents in Riga heard that Tikhon had been poisoned to death in prison. A third dispatch purported to give Tikhon's denial that he had recanted and his assertion that he is still the real patriarch of the Russian Church. Any one or none of the reports may be true, but we are inclined to discredit the Riga dispatch. A good deal of irresponsible misinformation has come out of Riga in late years.

THE Arctic explorer Mr. Donald B. MacMillan, whose work and whose personality are so well known to Americans, has gone north again for a year's absence. The schooner Bowdoin carries a group of men of science who will make observations in natural history, geography and terrestrial magnetism; and it also carries a memorial tablet that Captain MacMillan will erect at Starvation Point, where the last camp of the Greely party was pitched. The Bowdoin has a first-rate wireless outfit, and the explorer hopes to keep in constant touch with the United States. Speaking of Arctic exploration, Amundsen, who intended, as The Companion lately said, to fly across the entire polar region in an aeroplane, found it necessary to give up his plans. Some unforeseen difficulties were encountered; just what they were his brief messages from Alaska do not make clear.

THE flag of the Irish Free State has appeared in New York harbor, not as yet at the stern of a steamer but at the foremast head where the flag of the country to which the ship is bound is customarily displayed. All ships that clear for Queenstown—or Cobh, as the Gaelic has it—will show at their foremast the green, white and yellow of the Free State.



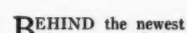
## STAMPS TO STICK

AFTER an interval of two years Japan is issuing commemorative stamps. The printing of the latest "specials," copies of which began to reach American collectors about two months after they appeared on April 16, was justified on the flimsy pretext of the Japanese Crown Prince's having arrived on that date in Formosa. It will be remembered that the future emperor visited Europe in 1921, and that the Japanese postal officials issued a set of four varieties in honor of his safe return. This fall the Crown Prince will be married, and another series of commemorative stamps probably will appear to mark the event.

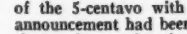


There are two of the recently issued stamps—1½ sen, orange, and 3 sen, violet. No English lettering, even to express the value, appears on either stamp. The inscription, which is in old-style Chinese characters, at the top reads "Visit of H. I. H. the Crown Prince to Formosa." Along the bottom border in similar characters are the words "In Commemoration" and "Japanese Post." The imperial crest appears at the center of the top border. The design, uniform on the two stamps, depicts Mount Niitakayama, sometimes called Mount Morrison, more than fourteen thousand feet above sea level, the highest peak in Japan.

Other Japanese stamps that have appeared this year are seven values of the 1922 design with Mount Fuji as the central motif—½ sen, brown; 1 sen, orange; 1½ sen, pale blue; 2 sen, green; 3 sen, rose; 4 sen, scarlet; and 10 sen, deep blue. Curiously enough, the 4-sen of 1922 with the Fuji design is green, the color of the new 2-sen. The 8-sen of 1922 is rose, the color of the new 3-sen. And the 20-sen of the 1922 set is deep blue, the color of the new 10-sen. That means that Japan will probably soon issue the 4-sen, 8-sen and 20-sen denominations in new colors, inasmuch as there are now two stamps of the same design in green, two in rose and two in deep blue.



BEHIND the newest stamp of Argentina, the 5-centavo red, is a story of forgery and of alert collectors. Back in 1921 it was discovered that the Argentine 5-centavo then current had been "faked." As originally issued on honeycomb-watermarked paper, the stamp was perforated either 13½ or 13½ by 12½; that was in 1917. In 1918-1919 the same stamp appeared on unwatermarked paper, with the same perforation measurement. In 1920 it was reissued on paper watermarked with multiple suns and with the perforation measuring 13½. In 1921 the watermark of the paper was altered to a large sun, and the perforation measurements were either 13½ or 13½ by 12½. Members of the Argentine Philatelic Society discovered copies of the 5-centavo with perforation of 11½. No announcement had been made by the government that such a perforation was to be used, and the society brought the 11½ perforation to the attention of the postal officials. Argentina had just issued a special series that contained a 5-centavo blue commemorating the holding of the first Pan-American Postal Congress at Buenos Aires. On learning that the regular 5-centavo red had been counterfeited, Argentina promptly withdrew it and in its place reissued the 5-centavo of the Postal Congress issue, but printed it in rose on unwatermarked paper and made it smaller. In 1922 the Postal Congress 5-centavo was reissued in red on paper watermarked with the letters R.A. in a sun. Since the last-mentioned stamp appeared both the 5-centavo rose and the 5-centavo red of the Postal Congress type have been in general use provisionally. The new 5-centavo, which has just appeared, was issued to take the place of the two temporary stamps. Like the stamp that was counterfeited, the new stamp carries a portrait of San Martin, the great soldier who did so much to establish the Argentine Republic; but the inscriptions are larger and there is no background behind the portrait.



THE appearance of a French postage stamp bearing the portrait of Louis Pasteur was foretold in The Companion last January. Three values—10 centimes, green, 30 centimes, red, and 50 centimes, blue—have now appeared. The design shows Pasteur's head in profile turned to the left, with his name underneath. Pasteur was born in 1822, but the centenary stamps were not issued until celebrations throughout the French Republic had begun. The

appearance of three denominations has surprised collectors, who had expected only one.

Collectors are wondering whether the immediate popularity of the Pasteur stamps in France will cause the French government to speculate in stamps at the expense of collectors. The news indicates that it may do so, for it has been suggested in Paris, though unofficially, that France issue a distinctive series every year, like those of the Pasteur set, and that all French stamp-issuing possessions abroad issue similar sets. As there are some thirty French colonies, the effect on collecting would be serious.

IN Memel, as a result of Lithuanian occupation, the currency of Lithuania has been substituted for that of Germany. The change has had its effect on stamps; the various denominations originally expressed in marks have been overprinted with new values that range from 3 to 50 centai. The issue was in use for six days only and was then withdrawn. At last accounts the regular stamps of Lithuania were in use in Memel. Just before the currency was changed Memel issued thirteen stamps, from 40 to 3000 marks, to commemorate the establishment of autonomous government. The designs were a steamship on the 40, 50, 80 and 100-mark values, a winged anchor on the 200, 300, 400, 500 and 600-mark values, and a lighthouse on the 800, 1000, 2000 and 3000-mark values.

COLLECTORS would have been astonished had Chile allowed the recent Pan-American Conference at Santiago to pass without issuing a set of stamps. Such a set has now appeared—2 centavos, red; 4 centavos, brown; 10 centavos, blue and black; 20 centavos, orange and black; 40 centavos, pale mauve and black; 1 peso, bright green and black; 2 pesos, scarlet and black; and 5 pesos, black and olive-green. The inscriptions include "Conferencia Panamericana" and "Chile" in capital letters, respectively at the top and the bottom, and "Santiago," also in capital letters, beneath a picture of the conference palace. In the upper right-hand corner appears the date 1923; the value appears at the bottom.

WHEN a country revises its postal rates it often happens that there remain in stock quantities of certain values that can no longer be used. A recent example is the French colony of Martinique. A change in postal rates made the 75-centime denomination, blue and rose, no longer necessary. Accordingly the remaining supply has been converted into 60-centime provisionals by surcharging.

LOCAL transportation and industry are reflected in the designs prepared for the new stamps of the Cameroons. One design shows a native collecting rubber latex. Another shows natives felling a mahogany tree and floating tree trunks down a river. A third represents the palm-oil industry. The fourth and last design depicts a herd of oxen crossing a ford.

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# THE CHILDREN'S PAGE



## TOYS AT TEA

Verses and Drawing  
by Edith Ballinger Price

We often bring the toys to tea,  
The gollywog and lamb,  
The elephant and Japanece,  
And give them toast and jam.  
They like to sit there in a row  
And take their tea with us;  
They're always well behaved,  
You know;  
They never make a fuss.  
And we don't mind, because, you see,  
Their appetites are small,  
And when they've finished with  
their tea  
Then we can eat it all!



## TRUE STORY OF AN OLD SOUP TUREEN

By Frances Margaret Fox

IN the china closet of a lovely home at Chevy Chase, which is close to the beautiful city of Washington, there is a big, old-fashioned soup tureen that has a joyful story of its own. To be sure, every dish behind the wide glass doors in that china closet has a story. Some of the stories belong to the time of the American Revolution; all of the dishes are precious, but the big soup tureen is the only dish in the choice collection that ever held a delightful family secret.

It was the custom in the long ago to serve soup at the table. It was brought from the kitchen in a big, covered, oval soup tureen and was dished out with a ladle. Sometimes the ladle was of silver, sometimes of china. In the edge of the tureen cover was an opening for the handle of the ladle, so that the cover could be replaced on the tureen even though the ladle remained in the dish.

Now, it happened that this old-time tureen had appeared on the dinner table on many and many an occasion when distinguished guests were present, because one of the first grandfathers of this family was Lord Baltimore of Maryland, whose portrait was and is on their dining-room wall. Charles Carroll of Carrollton was a later grandfather of the family, and so you may know that they were fine folk. There was a certain dignity about their very soup tureen. In the long ago the big tureen was obliged at a children's party to keep a secret for a little while.

Andrew Johnson was President of the United States at the time, and the children to whom soup was served from the big tureen used to play with the White House children, who were the grandchildren of the President of the United States, and who once laughed over this very story.

A time came when there was much merriment and laughter in the family that owned the tureen because it was little Mollie's birthday. All that day her brothers and sisters kept saying, "You just wait till dinner time! You just wait till dinner time!"

Mollie naturally had to wait, and while she waited she tried and tried to guess what the secret could be that made all the family smile and smile and smile. Long before dinner time she had received enough gifts for the birthday of a princess. Only one gift was lacking to make her happiness complete, but Mollie was too polite to speak of it that day. She had said so much about her heart's longing in days gone by that she felt hopeless about it anyway. Even Santa Claus had failed her at Christmas time.

But on her birthday Mollie soon forgot everything except the joy of the occasion, and all day long she tried and tried to guess the dinner secret. When her mother said, "Well, Mollie, what soup do you wish us to have for dinner?" Mollie answered, "Oh, let us go without soup; soup takes too much

time to serve and eat. Besides, if you please," she added, "I do not like soup!"

At that her brothers gave rather a soft war whoop and turned a somersault, and her sisters laughed with their hands over their mouths.

At dinner time two or three little guests arrived to share the fun. Their eyes were shining, and they smiled and smiled and smiled. They also asked Mollie to name her favorite soup and advised her to "just wait and see."

Finally the family gathered in the dining room, which was lighted with tall wax candles. The old mahogany table was set with the best china and the sparkling glass goblets that were used only on great occasions. Father, mother and the children took their places; father said grace, and then the maid brought in the soup. She placed the tureen in front of Mollie's older sister.

"I am to serve the soup tonight!" the sister announced and gazed rather anxiously into the opening intended for the handle of the ladle. It was a surprising announcement, for no child in that family had ever served the soup before.

"Don't let the soup get cold," the small brother advised her; and then all the children giggled.

"I shall serve Mollie before anyone else," the sister announced, "because it is her birthday and her favorite soup. I think I shall have to stand up to do it."

The children laughed aloud at that.

"Be careful," the smiling mother cautioned her; "we mustn't let the soup break any dishes."

Just then Mollie's sister lifted the cover and out scrambled a clumsy, loving, soft, brown-and-white puppy, with a wide pink ribbon round his neck. Tied to the ribbon was a card on which was written, "For Mollie from the Family."

That puppy was exactly what Mollie had wanted all her life. She said when she cuddled the wiggly treasure with the silky ears and soft paddy paws, "That was the best soup that ever came to the table in the dear old tureen—and I guess Lord Baltimore himself would have been surprised and glad!"

So far as the old tureen is concerned that is the end of this true story.

## LITTLE GRANDMOTHER'S SURPRISE

By Zelia M. Walters

PATTY hopped up and down joyfully before the new cuckoo clock that father had brought her from the city. She had never even seen a cuckoo clock before and had only read about them in stories. "Such a surprise!" she was saying. "O father, how did you ever know just what I wanted?"

DRAWN BY TRUDA DAME



"Rosalind was not the least bit shy"

Grandmother admired the clock and helped Patty put it into place in her own room. Then, smiling, she said, "That reminds me of the most wonderful surprise I had when I was a little girl."

"O grandmother, please tell me!" begged Patty. The adventures of the little girl that grandmother used to be were more interesting than stories in books, and Patty liked to hear about them over and over again.

"I hadn't a playroom like yours, Patty. Our house wasn't large enough, for there were eight children besides a few aunts, grandmothers, hired men and perhaps some cousins and visitors. But the harness room in the barn was my own special place. There in a big hinged box I kept all my playthings."

"O grandmother, what did you have?" Patty had heard the list many times, but she wanted to hear it again.

"Two rag dolls," said grandmother. "They were beautiful things with black ink hair and eyes and red ink lips and cheeks. Their names were Lady Una, from a poem my aunt sometimes read to me, and Miranda, from the Tempest. Then I had a box of beautiful little fairy baskets carved from peach stones. Jared, our hired man, made them for me. I had a whole family of corn-husk dolls that I made myself. There was a cherry-stone necklace, a string of memory buttons, bits of bright patchwork, pieces of broken china that I made believe were a tea set, pretty stones from the brook, pressed autumn leaves, red and blue and yellow bird feathers picked up in the woods, a ring cut from a pearl shell and probably some other things that I have forgotten. No girl in the neighborhood had so many playthings. I thought no other girl in the world was so rich."

"One day Aunt Hetty took two of my older sisters to town with her. I wanted very much to go too, but Aunt Hetty declared that two were all she cared to look after, and so I was left at home. I didn't cry. In our family it was bad manners to cry for what you couldn't have. But after they drove away I went to the harness room for comfort. I lifted the cover of my box and—Well, Patty, you never can believe what I saw!"

"Let me guess," begged Patty. "A doll?"

"No, better than that!"

"Not a—a fairy?"

"Better than that even!"

"O grandmother, what? I can't wait."

"A baby!"

"Not a truly live baby?"

"Yes, a truly live human baby. I found out afterwards it was about a year old. But it was small for its age, and I thought it the most beautiful little thing I had ever seen. It was lying in my box fast asleep. Wild with joy as I was, I had sense enough to know that it must belong to some one. I named over all the families in the neighborhood, but not one of them owned a baby. I didn't try to think any farther. I meant to keep it. I named it Rosalind and began to lay plans for feeding it and keeping it warm at night. I stole into the house and asked for bread and jelly, which I got without question. Then I took a small blanket from my room and ran back to the barn. The baby was still there and now showed signs of waking."

"I can't begin to tell you of the lovely time I had that afternoon. Rosalind was not the least bit shy when she woke, and she accepted the bread and jelly. She could walk with little toddling steps. I played with her all the afternoon. When it was time for me to go in, I rocked her in my arms, and the little dear fell asleep. I put her in the bed I had made of my box and covered her with the blanket. Then I shut the lid down so she would be safe till morning. My box was not air-tight. There was a wide seam down the lid, and both ends gaped open. I went in, but I was too much excited to eat, and grandma wondered if 'that child was sick!' I wanted to go to bed early so that it might soon be time to get up and play with Rosalind. Of course I never thought she would wake and be frightened and cry. I hoped she would sleep until I went to her."

"But just as I was going upstairs

father came in and said, 'Our new neighbors have lost their baby!'

"What excitement there was in our house. When and where had they lost it?"

"No one knew. They had thought it was in the wagon asleep, but when they reached their new home and looked it wasn't there. It might have fallen out; it might have been stolen; it could hardly have wandered away by itself."

"Of course I knew it was Rosalind, but I kept still. I wanted her so much. The men and the boys were getting lanterns to hunt for her. The women were putting on bonnets to go and comfort her mother. Then I saw my mother crying."

"Why do you cry? Most likely the baby is all right," I said.

"Yes," she said. 'But I am thinking of that poor mother. How her heart is aching! Just think how I should feel if you were lost, child.'

"At that my heart gave a queer little leap. How I should feel too if I were lost from my beloved mother! And perhaps baby Rosalind felt that way."

"Don't cry, mother," I begged, hugging her hard. I know where she is, and she's all right."

"They could hardly believe me, but I led them out to the barn and showed them my precious surprise asleep under her blanket."

"Then you weren't allowed to keep her," mourned Patty.

"No, but I was allowed to go and see her and play with her often," answered grandmother. "And now you'll want to know how she got into my box. Her family had just come that day from the East, traveling in a big covered wagon. They stopped to eat their dinner near our house, and mother invited them in. I was taking my nap then and knew nothing about it. The other children of the family were supposed to be taking care of the baby. She toddled away from them and crawled into my box. The lid fell down and shut her in. When the family were ready to start, each one supposed some one else had put the baby into her little bed in the wagon. And they did not discover their loss until they started to unload things at the new home."

"But I'd had my wonderful surprise, even though I did have to part with it so soon."

## IN A TREE

By Elizabeth Thornton Turner



DRAWN BY ELIZABETH S. WARREN

My green little meadow's a green little sea  
When the strong wind comes blowing and  
blowing to me,  
And the tall tangled grasses, tossed graceful  
and fleet,  
Like ocean waves ripple and run at my feet  
A blossomy tree sways and swings with the  
tide,  
Its branches, broad sails, reaching snowy and  
wide;  
And I on the bough of the blossomy tree  
Am a mariner sailing the green little sea!

father came in and said, 'Our new neighbors have lost their baby!'

"What excitement there was in our house. When and where had they lost it?"

"No one knew. They had thought it was in the wagon asleep, but when they reached their new home and looked it wasn't there. It might have fallen out; it might have been stolen; it could hardly have wandered away by itself."

"Of course I knew it was Rosalind, but I kept still. I wanted her so much. The men and the boys were getting lanterns to hunt for her. The women were putting on bonnets to go and comfort her mother. Then I saw my mother crying."

"Why do you cry? Most likely the baby is all right," I said.

"Yes," she said. 'But I am thinking of that poor mother. How her heart is aching! Just think how I should feel if you were lost, child.'

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"But I'd had my wonderful surprise, even though I did have to part with it so soon."



## COMMONPLACES

By Rose Goodale Dayton



*It is not fame that we hold dear;  
Earth's great have never entered here.  
No hero, genius, saint or seer,  
Statesman or magnate, prince or peer  
Has stepped within these portals.  
This door ne'er opened to acclaim  
The bearer of a famous name,  
Nor ever failed to welcome frame  
For those who daily went and came—  
Just ordinary mortals!  
The feet these doorstones chiefly know  
Are feet that forth to labor go;  
Incoming feet, toil-spent and slow  
Of those who plow and reap and sow—  
Earth's most essential labors.  
But sometimes there are baby feet,  
Or youthful footsteps, firm and fleet,  
Go forth life's high emprise to meet;  
With now and then a chance to greet  
Kinsmen or friends or neighbors.  
Within no rich delights abound,  
No rare achievements here are found,  
No isms that the learned expound.  
Habit maintains the humdrum round  
For earth-worn hearts and faces.  
Yet here are fires that warmly glow,  
Sweet food and rest the weary know,  
Comfort or hardship, sun or snow,  
Uncounted tasks affection show—  
Such are earth's commonplaces!*

## THE SEED OF THE RYE

IN Minnesota there is a young man who for four years has wanted to go to Carleton College. Except for three months while he was at camp he has worked all that time hard and faithfully on a farm. One evening he came home and said to his mother, "I have finished sowing the rye. The years come and go, and I don't seem to be any nearer college than I was at first. I'm discouraged."

Into the mother's eyes came a sad, far-away look. For a few minutes both were silent. Then she said, "My boy, is it not strange and wonderful that rye is sown in September and is not harvested until July? Think of the days and nights the seed must lie in the ground, not only during the pleasant, beautiful days of autumn when it begins to take root but also during the bitter, icy, wind-swept days of winter; we wonder how the roots can possibly live in such cold. Then comes the spring; the roots begin to grow again and continue to grow until the harvest. You, my son, may have passed the fall and winter. Can we not, like the seed, believe that God will give the harvest?"

## AND GRANDFATHER SMILED

GRANDFATHER smiled when his daughter told him that a committee from her club, the Bluebell Women's Club, would appear before the school board at its next meeting and present a petition asking that boys be taught to make useful articles for the home in their manual-training courses.

"Fancy woodworking is all well enough," she conceded, "but we think the boys may as well be acquiring knowledge that they can put to practical use."

Grandfather smiled again. "When I was a boy," he said, "we didn't have to take school courses in chores; our mothers looked after that side of our education. We did all the small jobs round the house. I know I saved father a good many carpenter's bills."

"I used to mend the chairs that got broken. I made window and door screens. I knocked lots of tables and porch chairs together. As for window boxes for flowers, I made dozens for mother and for the neighbors who hadn't a boy in the family. When mother got through with me father always wanted a job done—a fence, a henhouse, a cold frame or a pig trough. And my sisters, Mary and Eliza, were always calling on me for packing-box dressing tables or barrel chairs. But I never got any credit for that work; the girls would drape the tables and stuff the chairs, and when they showed 'em to the other girls they always said, 'I want you should see the chair or table I've just made!'"

"Do you mean to say," exclaimed his daughter, wide-eyed, "that you did all those things without training?"

"No, I had plenty of training; but I didn't get it at school. I began at home with awkwardness and worked up by main force and awkwardness to something better. When I was a boy it was a

pretty lazy fellow who couldn't do about as much as I did. And we didn't have to go to school and take a course of instruction to learn how to set up stoves or take down stovepipes."

"But I want Dick to take the manual-training course, father; all the best boys are taking it. It is really the thing nowadays."

Grandfather smiled at his daughter's earnestness. "Better send the boys to their grandfathers!" he recommended dryly.

## THE STORY OF THE DODO

AS dead as the dodo," is a favorite figure of speech. Yet, says Dr. Leon A. Hausman in the Mentor, few persons know what manner of bird the dodo was, where it lived and what drove it from the face of the earth two hundred years ago.

About the year 1510, continues Dr. Hausman, a party of Portuguese navigators under one Cornelius Van Neck landed for water and provisions on Mauritius, one of a small group of islands in the Indian Ocean, off the African coast. They returned with stories of a remarkable species of bird that they had found. They had killed and cooked a number of them, but except for the breast the meat was tough and ill-flavored. So they had named the ungainly creature, which they could easily overtake and kill with clubs, *walckvogel*, disgusting bird. The *walckvogel* was the dodo, and the sailors were the first Europeans to see it.

Between 1610 and 1620 several live specimens were brought to Europe. There were apparently two species, the Mauritius dodo and the Bourbon dodo, named for the island of Bourbon. The Mauritius dodo was an ashy gray with a bluish cast, which is lighter on the throat and upper breast; the tail and the short, stubby, undeveloped wings, which were useless for flight, bore a few yellow feathers. An enormous beak, useful for tearing vegetation, was perhaps the most conspicuous thing about the bird. The Bourbon variety differed only in color; its body was a beautiful white, and its wings, its bill and its feet were brilliant yellow.

But on the whole the dodo was a ridiculous creature. It was slow of movement and of perception. Its feeble petulant cry, ridiculous in so huge a bird, its waddling gait and its stupidity made it the butt of humorists.

The last authentic record of the dodo shows that it survived until the year 1681; since then no one has seen it. The causes of its extinction are not hard to find. The bird was not a prolific breeder; it laid only one egg in an unprotected tuft of grass. Before the coming of the Portuguese the dodo was apparently able to maintain itself, but after that event its numbers rapidly diminished. The chief cause was the introduction of pigs into the islands. The animals became wild and, speedily overrunning the land, devoured the dodo's eggs and the young birds.

How did the dodo come by its curious name? Naturalists generally agree that it is a corruption of the Portuguese word *doudo*, which means foolish.

## THE TRADE RAT

THE trade rat is one of the most interesting little animals in the Arizona desert. Locally it is known as the pack rat; and as a matter of fact it corresponds pretty closely to the borrowing rat that Uncle Joe Bledsoe told about in a recent number of The Companion. The little creature is about the size of a common barn rat and has bright eyes, very large ears and a long tufted tail. It has gained its name by its peculiar habit of leaving behind an object of similar size and shape in exchange for whatever it carries away.

Often in camp, writes a correspondent, we will discover in the morning that a trade rat has been slyly working away during the night and has exchanged pebbles for beans or clods for potatoes. One night my macaroni was left open, and in the morning I found half of it gone and the space neatly filled with the long slender pods of the mesquite bean.

The trade rat is likely to be mystifying to the person who meets it for the first time. A group of men once went for a few days' camping trip in the hills along the Gila River. Among them was a tenderfoot, and when his turn to cook came he made enough biscuits for supper and, as he thought, enough for the next day also. But what was his astonishment to find in the morning that all the biscuits on the plate had been taken away and in their place were clods of dirt. The young man was indignant when his comrades tried to convince him that a trade rat had taken the biscuits. "You can't fool me!" he cried. "It's a dirty trick to play anyway without inventing that kind of an animal to lay it on!"

Another time a trade rat gnawed a hole through the flooring of our cabin just large enough to let him squeeze in. Evidently he had not reasoned carefully, for the next morning I found three biscuits on the floor by his hole; he had carried them through two rooms only to find that they were too large to go through the hole. The following day I found two orange peels there. We did not know what he would take next; so we set a trap for him—only to catch the cat!

The following night we lay in wait for him, and after the house grew silent we heard him rustle up through his hole and creep across the floor of the living room on his way to the kitchen. Father got a stick, and I guarded the open

doorway between the two rooms. Hither and thither the little rat ran, always just one jump ahead of father's stick. Finally he darted toward the door where I was standing. As there was no chair or anything to jump on, I squatted instead, but just too late to keep him out of my skirts!

"I'm sitting on him! I'm sitting on him!" I yelled.

"Where did he go?" called father.

"I tell you I'm sitting on him!" I cried.

"Well, then, get up and let me kill him," he answered incredulously.

I cautiously rose a little, but no rat appeared.

"Now he's got away," said father regretfully.

"Of course you weren't on him!"

"I was! I know when I'm sitting on a rat!"

I rose with dignity, and to the floor fell the rat, dead!

## PRIVATE O'GRADY'S NERVES

VETERANS of the Great War who served in the old front-line trenches in France will be able to sympathize with Private O'Grady. Some of them can remember seeing the posts that held the barbed wire out in front come together on a moonlight night and advance in a stealthy and threatening manner. They know how they felt as evening came and they prepared to "stand to." They can understand how O'Grady felt when after a day of hard fighting under a blistering Philippine sun he was assigned to do sentry duty.

The battalion camp was not more than a quarter of a mile from a curving beach, and O'Grady's post was at the water's edge. As darkness fell and the stars came out he felt weak and depressed. He glanced at the line of a fire-crested wave and watched it charge toward the shore. He glanced at a flat rock lying some dozen paces away. What! Did the rock move? It certainly did!

He looked in the opposite direction. Another flame-tipped wave was rolling toward a number of rocks lying a short distance from the water. Those rocks moved too! Very slowly they started to meet the incoming wave. He shouted "Halt!" and brought his gun to bear.

The rocks halted, and O'Grady rubbed his eyes. What had happened to him? He glanced back over his shoulder toward camp. A rock directly behind him was coming toward him. Ah! Sneaking up to bolo him in the back! O'Grady rushed madly at it and dashed the butt of his gun against its hard surface. Then he mopped his forehead. Just a common rock on the sand!

He looked up and down the shore. There they were again! Rocks everywhere were moving toward the water—edging, creeping, crawling by ones, by twos, by threes and in large groups! Then the sentinel's nerves gave way. The whole battalion was awakened by his yelling like a Comanche as his rifle spat fire in the darkness.

When it was safe to approach him it took half an hour to calm him and to prove to him that his treacherous, traveling rocks were only immense but innocent turtles making their nightly visit to the water in search of food.

## THE TRAGEDY MANNER

IN his recent volume, Random Memories, the late Ernest Wadsworth Longfellow, son of the poet, devotes an amusing paragraph to Fanny Kemble, the famous actress, and her daughter, Mrs. Kemble, when he knew her, had long since married Mr. Butler, an American, and retired from the drama, returning to the stage only to give Shakespearean readings.

"She was then," he says, "a large woman with a beautiful voice and a tragic Lady Macbeth manner that inspired many people with awe. She was once introduced to a timid youth in Europe who to make conversation said, 'I believe, madam, you have many fine hotels in America.'"

"She glared at him a moment and then crushed him with the remark delivered in her most tragic manner: 'Sir, I have no hotel in America!'"

## LIVING IN THE PAST



The Patient—Something's gone wrong with my right arm, doctor; yesterday I could lift it as high as this, and now I can't lift it at all.  
—Starr Wood in the Sketch.

She was nevertheless a most kindly woman and was devoted to her friends; but she was temperamentally impatient of bores and nobodies.

Her daughter, Mrs. Wister, herself half American, was once in Europe at a hotel table where a number of English people were making fun of Americans for their pronunciation and queer phrases. She stood it as long as she could; then with the rich voice and beautiful English acquired from her mother she said, "We Americans may not speak your language, but we understand it."

Tableau!  
Mr. Longfellow's mention of Mrs. Kemble's "Lady Macbeth manner" on ordinary occasions recalls that of a greater actress—her predecessor, Mrs. Siddons. Numerous instances are preserved of the overwhelming effect of her majestic presence and deep voice in dealing with petty affairs. Perhaps no instance of the kind is better known than her simple question when buying a yard of calico, "Will it wash?" uttered so sonorously and intensely that the poor clerk addressed became too flushed to reply. But Mrs. Siddons was more theatric than Mrs. Kemble; for she also, although unconsciously, used a phraseology as dramatic as her voice and inflections. Once she was visiting a friend who loved dogs. There were three in the room; one was asleep before the fire; another was half dozing near by. The third, which was alert and inquisitive, approached the guest and was about to put a forepaw on her knee, which was covered with a skirt of delicate light silk.

"Creature, away!" boomed the lady, and not only the dog addressed but the two others, startled wide awake, fled precipitately from the room with their tails between their legs.

## THE BEAVER'S TAIL

M. C. A. STEPHENS'S story Brown and His Teeth, which we printed not long ago, told of a certain beaver that was remarkable for the things it did with its sharp, chisel-like teeth. Another beaver—one that the late Enos A. Mills, the nature lover, once owned—was remarkable in a different way. In Waiting in the Wilderness Mr. Mills writes as follows concerning the various things the little creature—its name was Diver—could do with its broad, flat tail:

The tail was covered with dark-colored skin and looked somewhat like a piece of rubber. Diver sometimes would thrust it under him and use it for a seat. Sometimes when standing up he used his tail for a rear brace to prop himself on his hind legs. In swimming he occasionally turned it on edge and used it for an oar; besides, it served in the water as a rudder whenever a rudder was needed. But out of the water when he was walking about it appeared to drag behind him as if it were not a part of him. When he was stationary he usually tipped his tail on edge, doubled it round and rested it against his side. On one occasion he thrust it between his legs, scooped up a mass of mud and carried it up on a small fallen tree near by and then dumped it. And one time I saw him carrying two small sticks by clasp them between his tail and his stomach.

## WELL DONE, NEPHEW!

VOTES, votes, votes! That is the dominating thought of the political speaker. He must have them, and, alas! no trick is too low, too ridiculous even, if it will serve his end. For example, there is the case of a certain English politician who—so Mr. Arthur Porritt tells us in the Best I Remember—was particularly anxious to discover the prevailing religious tendency of his constituency.

"My great-grandfather," he declared at a meeting, "was an Episcopalian (stony silence), but my great-grandmother belonged to the Presbyterian Church of Scotland. (Continued silence.) My grandfather was a Baptist (more silence); my grandmother was a Congregationalist. (Still frigid silence.) But I had a great-aunt who was a Wesleyan Methodist (loud applause), and—and I have always followed my great-aunt." (Loud and prolonged cheering.)  
The man was elected.

## STRANGE EFFECTS OF FIRE ON ICE

MANY remarkable statements find their way into our daily newspapers. One of the most astonishing was made a few weeks ago by a paper published in the Middle West. A bad fire had swept the city, and among the buildings that had burned was a large ice house. The account in the newspaper read:

"Miller's ice house also caught fire, and, though a determined effort was made to save the building from the flames, it burned to the ground. With it twenty thousand pounds of ice were reduced to ashes."

## HOW THE MOUSE MUST HAVE LAUGHED!

"O MAMMA!" cried little Elsie as she came running into the drawing-room. "Just think! I've played an April-fool joke on the mouse that you heard in the closet. I've set a trap there without any cheese in it!"





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#### PREVENTION OF TYPHOID FEVER

**TYPHOID** fever is an infectious disease; it cannot occur unless the germ gets into the body and finds there conditions favorable to its growth. The disease is not contagious in the strict sense of the word; it is not necessary to come into close relationship with one who is either sick with the disease or has recently had it in order to acquire it; the germs may be carried in food or drink.

The main channels of infection are the water supply and the milk supply. In most of our cities the water is in no danger of being contaminated, and so is the milk in the many cities where it is required to be Pasteurized. As a result the death rate from typhoid fever in cities has fallen remarkably; the few cases that do occur come usually through salads and uncooked vegetables that have been either washed with impure water or contaminated by flies, which carry the germs on their feet. Flies are active carriers; they make frequent flights from heaps of filth to the kitchen or to the dining table and are partial to bowls of milk, which is an excellent breeding fluid for the germs.

It is in rural districts that the danger of acquiring typhoid fever is still serious. One case occurring in a farmhouse the drainage from which is into a stream may give rise to hundreds of cases among people who drink the water from the stream or use it for washing, for brushing their teeth, for cleansing dishes or rinsing out milk cans or perhaps for washing salads. It is during the summer vacation on the farm or in camp that the city dweller is likely to be most exposed to the disease, and it is then that he should take special precautions. If you are not sure that the water in the well or in the stream beside which your tent is pitched is free from contamination, you will do well to boil it before either drinking it or washing with it. Don't drink any milk unless you know where it comes from and are sure that no one recently ill with typhoid has had anything to do with handling it; don't drink it, that is, without first boiling or Pasteurizing it. Finally, screen your food so that flies cannot get at it before, or especially after, it has been cooked. Without neglecting those obvious rules of cleanliness you might take the preventive inoculations before leaving home; then you would not have to worry about typhoid fever any more than our soldiers worried about it during the war.

#### LITTLE DAUGHTER

"MOTHER!" Dee's small face was full of excitement. "Mother, may I whisper to you, please?"

Mother smiled at her guest. "If Mrs. Bell will excuse us for a moment. Shall we ask her?"

Dee turned toward her mother's guest. "Please, Mrs. Bell! It's a secret, and you'll like it. If I could see mother in the dining room!"

A few moments later Mrs. Bell heard the murmur of their voices. In five minutes Dee's mother returned. "Since it is to be a surprise," she said, "I am in honor bound not to tell you. Only I want you to know that it is all Dee's, both the idea and the execution of it."

The idea, whatever it was, took some time to carry out. Mrs. Bell could hear the child's footsteps in the next room. Once she came to the door with her hands behind her. "Please shut your eyes for one minute, Mrs. Bell," she pleaded. "I just want to show mother something. That's all. Now you may open them."

More footsteps, the tinkle of dishes, and then Mrs. Bell was summoned into the dining room. After one glance at the table she looked in astonishment at her friend. At the guest's place was a tiny iced cake with three candles and a basket of larkspur tied with a pink bow. "But it isn't—" she began.

Dee's mother interrupted her quickly: "Dee wanted to do something for her mother's old friend; so she put the candles on for a friendship party, three for the three of us. She thought of it when she remembered that we had some little iced cakes left. Wasn't that it, Dee?"

Dee nodded shyly.

"I never," the guest declared, "had such a lovely party thing in all my life!"

Later after the cake had been eaten and the

dishes washed and Dee had danced away to a playfellow's the guest asked her question: "How did the child think of so beautiful a thing?"

Dee's mother turned with a little smile. "Because I want to keep my children close to us all their lives! That's why we began, Joe and I, when they were hardly more than babies to take them into all the home tasks and joys and even some of the problems. You would laugh to hear Junior and his father discuss writing editorials! And Dee and I help decide about each other's clothes and plan for surprises for the others and do things for the house. We discuss together books and studies and everything!"

"You see, once a neighbor's little girl came over to ask me about something. I said, 'Why don't you ask your mother?' As long as I live I never shall forget the look that child gave me. 'My mother!' she replied in astonishment. 'She doesn't do anything but sew for me!' That moment I made my resolution: clothes could be put by; living with my children could not be."

From the garden came Dee's voice: "Mother! Amy's here. May I give her a cake? There'll be enough left."

The glances of the two friends met laughingly, but beneath the laughter was something very tender.

#### THE BOSS ELEPHANT

**ELEPHANTS** in Asia are easily trained; a trick or a certain kind of work soon becomes habitual with them. In fact, says Mr. Charles Mayer in *Trapping Wild Animals in Malay Jungles*, they can form habits more rapidly than any other animals I have ever seen.

In Burma there are large lumber mills, and elephants are used for rolling the logs into position for the saws. Pushing with their heads, they run the logs up two inclined skids to the platform; two elephants do the pushing, and a third elephant acts as boss. The boss need not be an especially intelligent animal; he is taught simply that the log must go up the skids in a certain way, and that he must keep the two pushers even. In his trunk he carries a few links of anchor chain, which he uses as a whip if one elephant falls behind. When the log is on the platform the pushers turn and plod back for another. The boss elephant is quite unimpressed with his authority, and the other elephants show no resentment when he swings the chain on them.

When the whistle blows they all know that it is time to stop work and eat. It makes no difference whether they have a log within a fraction of an inch of the platform; the boss drops his anchor chain and gets out of the way, and the pushers step to one side and let the log crash. Then without the least expression of interest they turn toward the stalls. Because they obey signals so mechanically the engineer steps out when feeding time comes and looks up and down the runway to see whether an elephant crew has a log on the skids. If so he waits until it reaches the platform before he pulls the whistle cord.

#### THE WRONG OUTFIT

**SOME** years ago a well-known physician of Tulsa, Oklahoma, observed three unusually forlorn, ragged little darkies standing on a corner of the main street. They were dressed in almost any kind of covering that could be either buttoned or tied on, so that more than one glance was necessary before anyone could determine just what garments they actually were wearing. The sight touched the physician, and he took them into a men's clothing store near by and had them fitted out with new suits.

The two older ones showed their appreciation by broad smiles, but the smallest wept bitterly throughout the whole proceeding and refused to be comforted with the new coat, the new shirt and the new trousers. Questioning only increased the child's agitation, and at last the physician turned in desperation to one of the older boys and said, "What's the matter with him? What's his name?"

"Please, sir," the brother replied with a grin, "his name is Alice."

#### A MYSTERY EVEN TO SAM

**THE** natives of the Bahamas are expert sailors. Somehow without a compass and in all kinds of weather they are able to guide their boats intelligently over the pathless ocean. How they do it is a mystery even to themselves. In his recent book, *In the Wake of the Buccaneers*, Mr. A. Hyatt Verrill says that he tried to learn from Sam, his colored steersman, why he was so confident of reaching the tiny island of St. Croix after a voyage of one hundred miles over a deserted sea.

"Why, chief," replied the native, "Ah don't need to know where we is for to get where we's goin'."

"Well, how on earth do you do it, Sam?"

"Ah can't say," was the reply. "Ah jus' knows where 'bouts th' lan' is, an' Ah steers for he."

#### HE NEEDED ANOTHER YEAR

**POSITION** wanted" ran an advertisement in a Shanghai newspaper. "A young Chinese with four years' experience in English seeks place as a junior clerk. Salary no objection." As a matter of fact, it usually isn't.

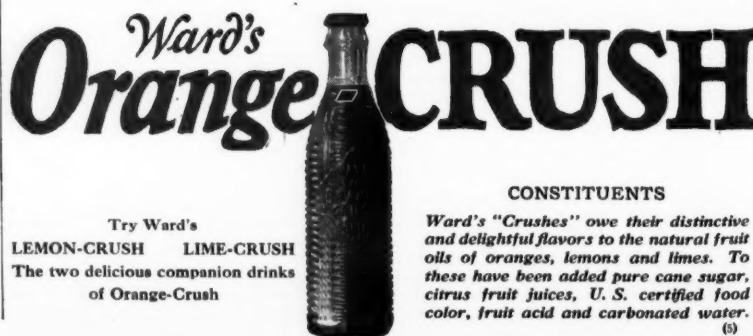


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Bottle"

## THAT'S THE STUFF —for a Big or Little Thirst

If you had a "Dad" like mine you'd caddy for him. For "Dad" is a real sport when it comes to a game and when we come to the nineteenth hole, tired and hot and thirsty—then the fun begins—Orange-Crush, all I want to drink. ☺ You'd better believe there's a real drink for a boy with a man's-sized thirst. "Dad" says he buys it for me, but I saw him wink at the Orange-Crush man and order another and say: "Well, there goes my thirst hazard." ☺ Sometimes it's Ward's Orange-Crush, sometimes it's Lemon or Lime-Crush. All are so good, we have a case on ice at home.

ORANGE-CRUSH COMPANY, Chicago, U.S.A.  
47 Great Tower Street, London, E. C. 3  
Orange-Crush Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada



#### CONSTITUENTS

Ward's "Crushes" owe their distinctive and delightful flavors to the natural fruit oils of oranges, lemons and limes. To these have been added pure cane sugar, citrus fruit juices, U. S. certified food color, fruit acid and carbonated water.

Try Ward's  
LEMON-CRUSH LIME-CRUSH  
The two delicious companion drinks  
of Orange-Crush